

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 3,070 Vol. 118.

29 August 1914.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

The public has now had an opportunity of measuring the struggle in which we are engaged. The war has this week fallen into perspective. The first great battle has been fought. The first phase of the western campaign is concluded. We have seen the German armies striking in full strength. The "victories" and "battles" of earlier weeks, as we warned our readers, are now seen to be no more than a screening of the issue. The public now knows, if it did not know before, that the Germans can strike hard, sure blows in the field; that the Allies are committed to the severest struggle; that all our strength and skill will be needed. The German military authorities have not for nothing made an idol of efficiency and worshipped the might of steel and powder.

We feel sure that most thinking citizens in the country entered into this war fully sensible of the task before them. But there were also many who did not at first realise what it must mean. We are engaging in a struggle with a military power which has for years lived only to meet its rivals in the field. Prussia has for a generation been an armed camp in the midst of Europe. Prussia has lived under the sergeant and the bugle. We are fighting one of the finest armies, one of the most carefully planned and completely equipped military organisations the world has ever seen. It would be folly to underrate the gravity of the struggle which lies before us. We must be ready to hear of reverse—even of disaster. We are resolute to succeed; but we are courting dismay and great sinking of heart if we do not at once make up our minds that the first blows of our enemy must needs be shrewd and shattering. We are not going to pretend that everything has this week gone well in France and Belgium. The retreat from Namur was not a victory for France and England; but, soberly regarded as an initial reverse, it will not be morally wasted if it has once for all, without disguise or possibility of error, convinced our people of every rank and temper that the German power must be respected and met with all our means. The war has this week come to our door. No one now

can light-heartedly underrate the strength and skill of our enemy.

What is the result of our first serious contact with the enemy? Last week the Allies were holding various positions in Belgium upon a line through Namur, Charleroi, and Mons. The carrying of Namur by the Germans made it necessary for the Allies to fall back upon the French frontier. Namur gave the Germans free access to the country between the Meuse and the Sambre. Pouring into this little triangle they forced the French to retire towards Mézières and Avesnes. The English had necessarily to come into line with this retirement. They had been fighting at Mons. Now they had to retreat and take up the frontier positions at Maubeuges and Valenciennes. The total result of these various movements must be read as a failure of the French offensive in Belgium, and a resort, along the whole line from Lille to Verdun, to the defensive.

Meantime the Russians seem to have won decisively at Gumbinnen; and the Germans in North-East Prussia are sheltering under Königsberg much in the same way as the Belgians are sheltering under Antwerp. To the south the Russian advance continues through Poland. Again to the south Galicia is invaded. Yet again to the south are the Servians. The eastern frontiers of the hostile Empires are broken at every point. At Gumbinnen the Russians refused to be checked, acting as the Germans at Charleroi. We must never forget to read together the campaigns in the eastern and western theatres. The Germans are in France threatening the north-eastern frontier. But the Russians in Prussia are threatening the line of the Vistula.

The British Fleet has this week run to destruction the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse", a converted cruiser which has been actively threatening our trade on the Cape route. The Germans have also lost a light cruiser to the Russians in the waters of Finland. More important, perhaps, is the support the Admiralty is giving to the people of Ostend. Marines were landed on Wednesday to protect the town against sur-

prise parties of German cavalry. Neutral ships have again suffered in the North Sea from scattered mines, three innocent merchant ships and trawlers being blown up in the middle of the week. Meantime Admiral Jellicoe has broken silence in a word of praise and encouragement to our men in France: "Officers and men of the Grand Fleet wish to express to their comrades of the Army admiration of magnificent stand made against odds, and wish them brilliant success, which the Fleet feels sure awaits their further efforts".

Lord Kitchener's speech in the House of Lords was brief, packed, and soldierly. He has never disguised from the public that the present conflict must cost us dearly. Now he tells us outright that it "will undoubtedly strain the resources of our Empire and entail considerable sacrifices on our people". In a deeply significant passage Lord Kitchener reminds us that our enemies are at the start putting all they have into the struggle; whereas it must be our part, as they grow weak and weary, to become continually stronger. "The principle we shall observe", says Lord Kitchener, "is that while the maximum force of the Empires with which we are at war undergoes a constant diminution, the reinforcements we prepare shall steadily and increasingly flow out until we have an army in the field which will not be unworthy of the British Empire." If we are to do this consistently in the face of varied fortune and adversity, Lord Kitchener frankly warns us that "exertions and sacrifices beyond any which have been demanded will be required from the whole nation".

To Sir John French's telegram—"In spite of hard marching and fighting the British force is in the best of spirits"—Lord Kitchener answered: "Congratulate troops on their splendid work. We are all proud of them". We are calculated to have lost 2,000 men hors de combat. In this great battle of the first phase the heroism of the French offensive at Charleroi assures us that tactically not an inch was yielded to the enemy which could reasonably be held; and all reports agree in the perfect order of the British troops in their difficult retirement from Mons. As Lord Kitchener says, we are proud of them. But we do not desire to exclaim at the courage and devotion of our men. It was expected.

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons on Thursday, moved a resolution of sympathy with the Belgians. His vindication of our policy and his tribute to the devoted courage with which Belgium has resisted and endured invasion deeply moved his hearers. Mr. Asquith's speeches—few and brief—on the war have been of a high and enduring quality. They are quick with that throb of indignant passion for light and honour which comes into the periods of every statesman of the front rank called upon to speak for a whole people in a time of great events. Mr. Asquith, of course, was speaking first of Belgium. This is a war of self-preservation; but it is also a war of honour. Our faith to Belgium was engaged. This aspect of our intervention Mr. Asquith finely emphasised on Thursday. He recalled again, as relevant to his motion, the infamous proposal of Germany—when England was confronted with the choice of keeping or breaking her treaties, of yielding to force or resisting the common enemy. He ended on a note of resolution. "We do not", he said, "repent our decision. The issue was one which no great and self-respecting nation, certainly none bred and nurtured like ourselves in this ancient home of liberty, could, without undying shame, have declined. We were bound by our obligations, plain and paramount, to assert and maintain the threatened independence of a small and neutral State. The Belgians", Mr. Asquith concluded, "have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself. We are proud of their alliance and their friendship. We salute them with respect and with honour."

It is well not to be carried away by accounts of the atrocities of the German troops. First, we should remember that charges of this nature are common to all wars. They were levelled against Great Britain during the South African War and they were levelled against both the Russians and the Japanese in the war in the Far East. It is quite well known that the charges against the British in South Africa were entirely false and unreasonable; whilst the Japanese showed themselves especially careful of their honour as soldiers. What is likely to be the fact about the German army? We should regard the matter without passion. Probably the resistance of the Belgians, so wholly unexpected and so severely effective for some time, enraged the Germans; so that, in a certain number of instances, they forgot their military honour in some of the villages and smaller towns. Also they may have been, to say the least, irritating in Brussels on their first arrival; but, on the whole, with some exceptions, they seem not to have behaved very badly in Brussels. The German war machine is inhuman, but the individual German soldier and officer by no means necessarily so.

We notice that the "Labour Leader" insists—and we do not doubt it honestly believes—that the Socialists of Germany and Austria are dead against their Governments in this war; and it believes that several leading men and women in these political groups have actually been shot for standing out against the war. It is a complete delusion, as we said the other day, that any large body of opinion in Germany is openly against the war—of Austria in this matter we know and say nothing—and inclined to stop or hinder it. Whether some leading Socialists have been shot or not by the military gang, the fact remains that Germany to-day is solid in this contest. We wish we could persuade ourselves that it is otherwise, but all knowledge and all common sense and experience forbid us having the faintest hope that the "Labour Leader" is right in this matter. By the way, the "Labour Leader" lately printed an article protesting against British firms in the near past supplying Germany with war material. The question is not quite such a simple one, perhaps, as it seems, but we must say that the "Labour Leader" has a full right to raise it; the whole subject will have to be examined carefully after the war.

Japan was formally at war with Germany from noon on Sunday. We have already described the limits within which Japan has wisely consented to confine her activities. A recognition of these limits, together with the assurance and guarantee of Great Britain, have relieved the United States of distrust; so that our Ally begins operations against Kiaochow with the goodwill of all friendly Powers. An important paragraph of the Imperial Rescript declaring war speaks of a "full and frank communication" with his Britannic Majesty, the concerted decision being to "take such measures as may be necessary for the protection of the general interests contemplated in the Agreement of Alliance". This rescript is a document worthy to be read. It is thoroughly Japanese. Japan's ultimatum to Germany to evacuate Kiaochow is politely described as "an advice to the Imperial Government", a rare euphemism!

The Government have decided to help our merchants and traders to capture as quickly as possible the markets from which Germany is driven. Our urgent problem is to make good our loss of the German and Austrian market in those Colonial and neutral markets which Germany has in time of peace secured all over the world. The sea is open. The problem of the English merchant is to find new customers for those he has lost, and to adapt himself to their needs. There must necessarily be a period of adaptation, and this will necessarily be a period of distress. But the blow to English trade, so long as our Fleet keeps the sea, is light indeed compared with what Germany must suffer.



Already Mr. Harcourt has moved. The first step is to get information as to the business usually done by Germany and Austria with our Colonies. This business, of course, has now entirely ceased; and a great deal of it can quite easily be secured for ourselves. Once it is secured by England, it will not easily be recovered by Germany. As to neutral countries, the Foreign Office is seeking information everywhere concerning the requirements of traders in all parts of the world. Needless to say, Englishmen in business are not meantime idle. Already a number of English merchants have sailed for Canada. Privately and publicly this campaign will actively continue. Day by day Germany must submit to the intolerable strain of seeing herself relentlessly pressed out of the markets of the world.

Mr. Lloyd George on Wednesday took the House into his confidence as to the position of credit in London. The Government is ready to extend or limit the moratorium as seems best to the bankers and traders of the country. The difficulty is that though the bankers are sure that the moratorium ought to continue, the traders are unable to decide. Mr. Lloyd George is taking a plebiscite; but it is turning out quite indecisive. Some want a moratorium after 4 September; others do not. One gentleman answered Mr. Lloyd George's enquiry: "I am a colliery proprietor and a merchant. As a colliery proprietor I should like to bring the moratorium to an end; as a merchant I should like it to continue". The question is still under discussion. It is clearly impossible—or very difficult—to allow the moratorium to those who want it, and at the same time refuse it to those who do not. B might want to be paid by A; in which case it would be awkward if A could plead the moratorium against B; more especially if B were not protected against C.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is still actively working with Mr. Lloyd George towards a settlement of these financial problems. This is certainly a happy and spectacular instance of the united front. Pleading with the Opposition on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked all his friends to trust the Chancellor. "They will know", said Mr. Chamberlain, "that it has not been my habit to lavish unmixed praise upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I hope they will give me credit for sincerity when I say that I think the Chancellor of the Exchequer has handled a very difficult question with great tact, great skill, and great judgment".

The miners of South Wales have loyally answered the call to service. Their conduct, first to last, has been devotedly loyal; and they have read their leaders—those of their leaders who at the start were preparing sedition and revolt—a lesson they will not speedily forget. It will be remembered that the declaration of war fell at the time of the August holiday. The Admiralty, in that critical week-end, suggested that the miners working for the ships should surrender their statutory holiday on Tuesday and Wednesday of the following week. The country needed them. The trade-union leaders, not yet measuring the event or understanding their men, called an executive meeting, which did not "consider it necessary for defensive purposes" that the miners should work; a meeting which also declined "to encourage or in any way countenance the policy of active intervention by this country in the present European conflict". The men who passed these resolutions were of the new official trade-union type—eager for general strikes and breach of contract. They even thought that this time of difficulty for the Government was rather a good opportunity for an *international conference of miners!*

Nothing further was heard of this international conference. The men revolted from their leaders in a mass. They have since, with glad enthusiasm, met

the Admiralty in every possible way. They agreed to set aside the eight-hours' day and to work on Sundays. They insisted upon industrial peace. They refused to listen to Mr. Keir Hardie in a speech against the war. Their leaders have simply had to change their policy and become the men's agents of loyalty and goodwill. Every dispute with the mine-owners has been settled. The war has, in South Wales, had precisely the effect it had at Westminster, bringing into an arena of bitter dispute the united front of patriotic service. England will not forget these miners.

We entirely approve of the Press censorship arrangement of Lord Kitchener and the Government, with this one reservation—in our view, that censorship is not quite drastic and thorough enough. War news should be kept down at a time like this: we say this with absolute conviction. It should be kept down in quantity, well kept down, whether it is of the kind that is likely to depress the public or whether it is of the kind likely to exalt the public. No one who has frequented public places of late, who has watched the public demeanour, can doubt this—war news has a certain heady effect on many people which is distinctly and thoroughly bad. War news is in the nature of alcoholic "nips"; and it is extremely desirable that at a time like this people should not be supplied with alcoholic nips. We have carefully followed the information served out by the Press Bureau since it started, and we express our gratitude to the Government for starting this admirable body, and to Mr. F. E. Smith and his colleagues for carrying out its work without fear or favour. They are doing admirably.

The Press Bureau has abstained rigidly from the expletives about this or that affair with a patrol, or this or that reconnaissance, which, candidly, give us a feeling of disgust and sometimes horror. The Bureau has quite spared us those messages which tell of brilliant, glorious, and complete victories over superior German forces in places where, it is well enough known to those who exercise a little common sense, nothing but small affairs have occurred or are occurring. The Bureau keeps down also what we must describe as the "inflammation" about vast myriads of Russians sweeping, rolling ever onward against Berlin; it gives no "hecatombs of slaughtered Uhlans", no monster carnages, and so forth. Its announcements are quietly, economically worded, and its comments on news which it clearly doubts, or has no confirmation of, are terse and to the point. So at any rate the thing strikes us; therefore, we support the Press Bureau's action, and believe that Lord Kitchener, the Government, and itself are acting in the true and best interests of the public.

It is supremely necessary that we should all keep cool and steady at this time; and the absence or scantiness of news on the whole aids us to do this. If Lord Kitchener and the authorities were to be continually sending out announcements we should all be, painfully, on the qui vive. A day's rest from exciting news means with a vast number of people a day's repair. Their nerves tend to quiet down, and they feel fresher and steadier. Our ancestors were none the worse because they had to bear far longer silences than we have to bear to-day; on the contrary, they were probably a good deal better. Moreover, let us not forget this—the more news, the more rumour. You do not for a moment decrease rumour's hundred tongues by ever serving out more and more news; you increase them. No; we are quite certain that Lord Kitchener and the authorities are absolutely in the right in keeping down the war news. We must add this: it would be a real blessing if the Press Bureau and the authorities could see their way to dealing a little more severely with one or two news agencies which appear to be stronger in imagination than in information.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## AN APPEAL TO YOUNG ENGLAND.

IT is time to speak very plainly on the supreme question in Great Britain to-day of recruiting, as it affects our upper and upper-middle classes. We shall do so frankly, but without using any word likely to give pain or reasonable offence. To declare that all men in our country between nineteen and thirty who do not decide to enlist at once are cowards and skulkers would be to give both pain and offence to many people, especially to parents; and to give it without gain to our purpose. Such expressions had much better be left out. They are not good business. It is not Lord Kitchener's way to call out "coward", "skulker", and so on; and it is not Lord Roberts's or Sir John French's, and we do not think it is the way of any wise or excellent soldier to blacken or blackguard those whom he wishes to secure. Civilian chatter, then, about "cowards" is foolish; but, on the other hand, it is instantly imperative to impress on the upper classes and the middle classes that to-day they must not spare of their best blood in the business of filling up the ranks of Lord Kitchener's Army. Lord Kitchener, as the Prime Minister reminded the country, wants all the men he can get.

We will try, briefly, to set out the reasons why men between nineteen and thirty, of position, of education, and of refinement should in large numbers "come up to the scratch" instantly; why they should, if commissions are not at the moment practicable, enlist without a day's delay as privates, rankers, "Tommies" in Lord Kitchener's new army.

First, then, let there be not the shadow of a doubt or misunderstanding as to this: Great Britain will need a far greater force of men for service on the Continent than she has there now, or than she is promised at the present moderate rate of recruiting. These words are written before we know the real result of the first great battle, but what we have written above stands good whether that battle is a total defeat for the Allies or whether it is a victory for the Allies. If a defeat, the necessity of more men for Lord Kitchener, of hundreds of thousands more men, is too obvious. But suppose instead, now or in the near future, a success for the Allies. Suppose Germany after all does badly in the war, and continues for some time to do badly, and the Namur affair turns out to be exaggerated in importance. The need in that case for a far larger British force than is in the field to-day still exists and still is great and most urgent. Why is this so? The answer is simple and convincing for anyone who glances ahead and thinks of the end of the war and of what will happen then. At the end of the war the rearrangement of things, the resettling of Europe, will mainly rest with those Powers who have proved themselves mightiest in resource and action. It would be too childish for the British people to suppose that Europe will suffer them to exercise in the final settlement anything approaching the authority, the commanding voice and vote, they exercised after, say, the Napoleonic wars, if they do not bring to bear in the land struggle something at any rate corresponding to the military might they brought to bear on the common enemy then.

Were Great Britain to content herself with fighting the German Fleet, and with holding the sea on behalf of the trade of the world, she would find at the close of the war that her part in the settlement would have to be a distinctly lesser part. Great Britain would then have to play, at best, only second fiddle in the concert; and that is the part which she can only hope to play should she not be ready to send expeditionary force after expeditionary force to the Continent to help break what Lord Roberts accurately and coolly describes as our "vicious, unscrupulous, and powerful enemy", Germany. To lead the concert at the close we must strike tremendously with both arms of our service; and, unless we do lead the concert at the close, we shall find—it is idle to blind ourselves to this—harsh and discordant music. It is not enough—

whatever happens on the land side of the war within the next few weeks or months—that we should send a gallant little expedition or two to the aid and encouragement of our Allies. We shall have to pour blood and treasure into this huge engrossing business on a scale that Pitt and Castlereagh did not dream of. And if we find presently—"presently" in this connection means presently, and not a vague and distant future—that we cannot get the men by calls on their high spirit and patriotism we must turn to compulsion, and have it in a very drastic form indeed—Lord Kitchener and the Government will then have to take the men for their second and third armies if the men do not speedily come in of their own accord. Compulsion is not a pretty term; but there are worse things; there is infinitely a worse thing than the press gang itself—namely, the ultimate triumph of Germany.

In appealing most earnestly to-day to Young England—by which we mean British subjects throughout the British Isles, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English—to answer at once Lord Kitchener's call to arms, we are here frankly appealing in particular to the educated classes, to the leading classes in the country; we have not in mind at all the men from whom the private soldier is ordinarily drawn. There are tens of thousands of young men in these leading classes who are splendidly qualified in physique and in spirit and élan for service, and yet who at this time are doing practically nothing—nothing that is of real moment, nothing that cannot easily be put aside without throwing out of gear the working business machinery of the country.

The truth is one cannot walk in a London street, travel in a train or in any public conveyance, walk far along a country road without meeting men of this description. They are at the seaside, they are on the golf links, they are cycling, motoring, they are at the clubs, they are at the restaurants, they are at home.

These men are not hesitating to enlist as ordinary soldiers to-day because they want pluck or spirit; anyone who says that they are holding back from that motive speaks a falsehood. They have got abundance of physical courage in them. Fear of being killed or wounded is not in their composition; they no more fear that side of war than they fear a thunderstorm. They have held back, and still hold back, for entirely different reasons, and for a variety of reasons. To enlist as a private is quite outside the custom of these classes, outside their tradition. That is one thing that powerfully holds them back. The objections, very human objections, of their people—as a rule—are another consideration.

Then let us not make any pretence about the plain fact that education and refinement, that nicety of feeling, do shy a good deal from the general atmosphere and surroundings and appearance of recruiting, ordinarily. It seems a real plunge beyond all doubt to take that step when a man has been brought up in refined surroundings and among educated minds. These things should be carefully taken into account when we are judging men for not promptly answering the call. Moreover, we ought to remember that the thing is so entirely novel. The civilian public has "crabbed" the idea of national service and training; therefore it has little right now, just because it has received a sudden and terrible warning and shaking, to turn on and condemn its sons, whom it has discouraged hitherto from national and patriotic service, and to call them skulkers and so forth.

For our part we can see clearly enough and admit the naturalness of the various reasons which are holding back large numbers of educated men from simple service in Lord Kitchener's army. But we put it to them—the urgency of the cause is so great to-day that they should hesitate no more. The security and the future of England is largely in their hands to-day. The upper and the middle classes at this crisis have a great and splendid duty to do; they are by position and education and tradition the leading classes, and they can now set an example which will



bring recruiting into high popularity. Every educated man, every man of station and fortune who "takes the shilling" to-day will help to increase and secure that popularity. He will lead, though he cannot at the moment lead as an officer. This is in a great degree a democratic war, and the more fortunate classes who go into it as rankers will greatly strengthen their position. Everyone who has mixed with working men on terms of comradeship knows how they value the good fellowship of those above themselves in station or education. There is not an atom of snobbery in the thing: it is a good and natural feeling. The upper classes in this country have never in our recollection had such a magnificent opportunity, through the rising generation of Young England, to lead. We are absolutely convinced that if the young men we here specially appeal to will thrust aside all deadening custom and all scruples of nicety and shyness of the novelty and answer Lord Kitchener's call in great numbers they will strike a master blow for their country and their class. Disraeli had ideals for Young England, but Disraeli never conceived of a chance half so splendid and so real as this one to-day.

#### RUSSIA OUR GREAT ALLY.

**O**FTEN during this week of anxious waiting upon the event in France and Belgium our thoughts have turned for assurance and hope to the far legions of Russia. In every pause of the fighting at our western gate we have remembered them; so, we may be sure, has the German enemy. For Russia is not sitting among her snows. She has come rapidly into the adventure—generously reading her obligation to strike home in the common cause. Already, acting invisibly and from afar, she impels the German armies to fight against time, to buy success at a fearful price, to make of victory a necessity rather than a triumph. The march of the Russian forces into Eastern Prussia must haunt the German staff at every turn of the slow campaign. Slow indeed it must seem to them. For if to our own people in the West the German advance has seemed swift and impetuous, it finds a Russian army on the way to Dantzig; and the German commanders know that every check to their progress in France abridges the distance between Berlin and Insternburg.

But we do not here desire to discuss the military plans of Russia. We desire only to insist that Russia is our Ally—that Russia is embarked with us as a necessary comrade in the greatest struggle we shall ever have to face. We shall have need of Russia, and Russia will not fail. We therefore protest—and we shall not be delicate in our terms—against the hostility and suspicion of certain writers towards our Ally. Reading one or two newspapers and reviews—their authors all belong to one political spitehood—we should be led to imagine that Russia was not with us, but against us. Her word to Poland has been openly doubted; her motive in fighting has been freely questioned. Already these writers are worrying about what will happen at the end of the war. Will not Russia be too powerful? Will the map be re-arranged—these writers are all busy with the map—too much to her advantage? There is only one word for the conduct of these critics. It is base conduct—disloyal to England and perilous to the safety of the great adventure in which we are all embarked. What are we to think of men who, engaged and pledged to do battle beside their friend, seriously begin to inquire, even before the fight is won, as to who is likely to get most of the spoils? How are we to fight by the side of Russia as a friend if we are to doubt her? Men do not fight well unless they are sure of their cause and sure of their comrades. It is time to speak plainly concerning the treasonable attitude of *we-fight-because-we-must-but-only-wait-till-the-war-is-over* type of patriot. The man who to-day is thinking still of

his political and sentimental fads is a public danger—all the more dangerous because he is working like a mole in the ground—under cover of an assumed enthusiasm for his country. We cannot at this stage avoid suspecting his good faith. He must long ago have been convinced that every nerve of ourselves and our friends will have to be strained if Germany is to be successfully met. Those to-day who suggest a doubt of our friends are doing their best to suggest a defeat for us all.

In particular this distrust of Russia among certain authors (who fortunately have no title to speak for the English people) is just at this time taking rather an absurd form. We are solemnly asked to remember that Russia is "uncivilised", "ruthless", and "absolute". Much of this criticism is foolishly impertinent; but, even if it were normally reasonable, the fact remains that we are fighting Germany with the help of Russia, and that Germany is infinitely more uncivilised, ruthless, and absolute. Civilisation in Europe has only one chance of surviving. That chance depends on our destroying utterly the ideal of brute force which will crown or perish with the German arms. Russia, while she stands with Europe in this crusade, should, even in the view of her critics, lie under the sanction of our common cause. Every published word in criticism of our Ally is a blow aimed at that cause. It is incredible that people are at this time to be found urging that our enemy must not be beaten too heavily because our friend might therein find too good a reason to rejoice; urging, too, that Germany should be lightly smitten because the German theatre is excellent and because Goethe and Beethoven lived a century ago. It will be time to yearn over the Germans when they are beaten. It will be time to think about the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe when we have dealt with the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II. and Messrs. Krupp. It will be time to think of preserving to mankind what is excellent in German humanity and civilisation when we have saved Europe from losing touch with humanity and civilisation altogether. We need not fear that the good of Germany will be interred with the bones of Prussian militarism. Wantonly to suggest anything so absurd is at this hour an act of disloyal folly.

We gladly turn from this hateful but necessary protest. It is only due to our Russian friends to assure them explicitly that criticism of the kind we have noted is thoroughly abhorred by all the English who are taking part in the war, and that we shall meet them upon the field and in council with absolute confidence and respect. The grounds of our respect are not far to seek. We have found them already on the Russian frontier, where the heroism and devotion of the Russian men of all ranks have signed our covenant in blood. Russia is bringing into this struggle qualities great and rare—too rare in this modern world—patience and discipline, loyalty and faith, love of country and love of kind. We have need of these qualities to-day. There is another quality yet. It is, in form, strange to the Western mind—the impassioned mysticism of a people not yet a nation of ready mechanics and philosophers. The Tsar has gone to the Kremlin. "I seek, according to the custom of my ancestry", he tells the people, "to strengthen the forces of my soul in the sanctuaries of Moscow". Such language could come only from the ruler of a nation which is also a Church. It enables us to speak of Holy Russia. They are blind to the energy of religion in Russia who do not feel in these words the ring of an inspiration different from, but not less powerful or right than, the inspiration under which the French and English are fighting. We shall meet Russia upon the field, but we are taking different ways. Our spirit, essentially in agreement, is of a different complexion. We realise this quite forcibly as we read Russia's proclamation to Poland, declared a nation. It is in form a confession; in substance a declaration of remorse. It tells us that the living body of Poland was once torn in pieces. That act, in which Russia shared, is now declared by Russia

to be a crime. Russia is great enough in the act of making war to stand forth as a penitent in the sight of Europe. To treat a proclamation such as this as though it were the political dodge of a clever cabinet is not merely ungenerous. It shows an utter lack of imagination—a mind blank to all the great penitential literature of Russia. The Tsar's word to the Poles is legible only as evidence of a resolution in Russia to put her cause level with that of her allies in truth and justice; and it is legible only as a proclamation on behalf of a people as theocratic as Europe in the days of Frederick Barbarossa.

This is not the place in which to embark upon an appreciation of Russian art, Russian music and letters, Russian civilisation, and the Russian mind. But it is surely monstrous that a people which in this last generation has succeeded in producing the greatest literary prophet in Tolstoy, the mightiest of modern novelists in Dostoevski, the subtlest and most penetrating of comic dramatists in Tchekoff, the most inspired musician of yesterday in Borodin, the greatest of all contemporary scholars in Vinogradoff—it is monstrous that this people should be ignorantly branded, with hardly a protest, as barbarous and uncivilised. The indictment is largely based on the fact that Russia is a very large country, mainly agricultural, wholly religious, immense areas of which have not yet been exploited in the interests of the trade in cheap school-books. If this were the time for critically measuring the resources in mind and character of our friend, we should have no such misgiving as to the alliance in which we find ourselves as seems to trouble the vocal champions of humanity in our midst. We have no respect at all for this criticism; and we are sure that at this present time it is reprobated by every thinking Englishman. We have too often observed how the finest achievements of the Russian people have in the past been misunderstood and ignored by people who were then busily engrossed in admiring the more scientific and material culture of the Teuton—a culture which has led to the deflowering of Belgium and the ruin of Europe in war—to listen at this moment to the backbiters of Russia, our great Ally.

#### NAMUR AND AFTER.

THE reverse of Namur, the rude dashing back of the Allies' lines, was a grave misfortune and a bitter disappointment. But in some sense it is not an unmixed evil that we have had at this stage a taste of the enemy's real quality. Namur should have a steadying, a hardening, and a bracing effect. It should kill for ever that foolish idea that the campaign in the west is a kind of sporting contest on a vast scale. The legend that the German military bubble had been pricked had obtained far too wide a currency during the first few days' check before Liège. Nourished on heady announcements concerning "Great Defeats" and "Severe Reverses", the volatile man in the street passed at once from his panic over the sudden coming of war to ridiculous over-confidence. The fright which led certain foolish people to order provisions by the ton was succeeded by a scarcely more respectable levity among the less thoughtful and informed of our people. The Allies were to be in Berlin with a hop, skip and a jump. If little Belgium could hold up their best troops for a fortnight, what would happen when the French and English were ready? The German Officer was a pedant, the German private a coward, perhaps a secret Socialist fighting without enthusiasm. Germany was threatened with revolution in her capital and with defeat to her armies all along the line. She would be utterly undone, beaten, starved, deprived of her trade, of her fleet, of her coastline. Humanitarians began to get alarmed about Germany's future. Pious appeals appeared in the papers for charity and understanding. This poor, deluded, humiliated nation, rushed into a fatal war by a foolish and badly counselled Emperor, must not be crushed to the earth. No

territory must be taken, no harsh indemnity exacted. We must do to Germany as we would be done by. Of course, if the Germans themselves would make things easier by deposing the War Lords and setting up on a comfortable democratic basis, so much the better. But in any case we must not abuse a victory; and so on.

Now such people see they were getting on dreadfully too fast. Wise people, of course, knew from the first that this idea of lightning success was a dangerous delusion. The German war machine is not, perhaps, all that is claimed for it. It may be too much of a machine, and the brains that guide it may lack the genius of the organisers of victory in 1870. But that it is a very terribly efficient piece of mechanism, capable of awful havoc in any ordinarily intelligent hands is now apparent to the whole world; and even now we cannot be certain that there is no von Moltke on the German General Staff. A distinct lesson of the slaughter before Liège was that the Prussian has lost none of that tenacity, that phlegmatic contempt for death, that rigid obedience to the word of command which makes him a soldier with no superior and few fellows. A moral of the great battle, which for a time placed the whole line of the Allies in terrible jeopardy, is that the German plan of attack, if it shows no great brilliance of invention, if it ignores unduly the destructive power of modern weapons, may yet crush by sheer weight. A more cheering inference is that in the admirable coolness and steadiness of English troops the German generals have to recognise an obstacle of the first significance.

The English Army, it may be safely assumed, has precisely the right mixture of a proper respect for the foe and a full appreciation of his weak points. It would be well for the peace of mind of the British public if it could view matters in as just a perspective. People would then be better prepared for the stern tramp of sacrifice, reverse, perhaps disastrous defeat, which may come at any time, and must be received not in the spirit of panic but with grimly cheerful determination to see things through. It must be recognised at once that "over 2,000 casualties" represent but an infinitesimal proportion of the sacrifices our gallant Army may be called upon to make. The cost of the war, in life and money, must be enormous. But so are the issues at stake. There are two widely-spread misapprehensions that may account for the passing apathy—it might almost be called levity—with which this huge conflict was first regarded by some people. The first is that Russian pressure in the eastern must soon exercise a decisive effect on events in the western theatre of war. The second is that England, protected by the Navy, is safe in any event. That is to say, we have placed our men on the roulette-board of the Continent. If the right colour turns up, well and good; if the croupier of fate sweeps in the stake, we are not ruined after all. It is a dangerous delusion. It is true that the progress of the Russian armies must daily project a darker shadow of anxiety over Germany. But it is by no means equally certain that at a given date, say a month hence, the pressure of the Kaiser's armies in France will be automatically relieved. Rather the reverse may be expected. France has everything to fear from a Germany despairing of victory. If the Kaiser gives up all hope of defeating both Continental enemies, he may decide, as a matter of cool deliberation, to throw Eastern Prussia to the Russian wolves and seek compensation in the abject humiliation of France, the annexation of Belgium, and advantages at the expense of England. The Germans would run enormous risks by pursuing such a policy, but that is their way. It is well to remember how Frederick the Great allowed his own patrimony to be harried and ravaged, careless of every consideration but ultimate victory, and how in the end all Europe in arms failed to tear Silesia from his iron grip. The callousness, if not the genius, of Voltaire's pupil survives in his descendant; and no thought of the sufferings of the Eastern German provinces would be allowed to interfere with a plan that promised better terms in the final settle-



ment. That is why it is not on Russian arms, but on the military resources of England and France, that we should rely. If France fails, England must, if only on selfish grounds, see her through her troubles. So the war, which might have been over in three months had we been able to pour half a million picked troops into France, now may last one year, or two, or perhaps longer—until, in fact, not a single German brigade remains on French and Belgian soil.

Such is the task before a nation which loves peace—and comfort even more than peace. It is a bleak prospect. Yet if we are wise we shall accept the situation with resignation, and even with satisfaction. It is a stern but wholesome discipline. Our travail, which had to come, has come at the right time and in the right way. If Germany had crumpled up as Austria-Hungary seems to have done, there is reason to fear that our fate might have been sealed in a less dramatic, but scarcely less sorrowful way. If we had had a great army ready; if the French preparations had been better advanced; if from the start each daily bulletin had recorded a fresh German disaster; if the Prussian sword had been shattered in the west before the Cossack sabre was well unsheathed on the eastern marches we might have bragged, forgiven Germany, exerted ourselves to moderate the terms of peace for her, and then gone to sleep again, forgetful of that Prussian hatred that never sleeps, of that Prussian memory which never forgets an injury or recalls with kindness an act of friendship.

By a victory easily won Englishmen would have been confirmed in those habits of thought that constitute a more deadly menace to the stability of a State than almost any degree of external danger. That selfish hedonism which in us assumes no very seductive form would have been confirmed. We are not in danger of neglecting weighty matters through devotion to the arts and graces of life. We run no risk of wasting our resources on the encouragement of great painters, great scholars, or great writers. But the taste for frivolity in all classes has grown to the dimensions of a real danger, and it needed the shock of reality to exorcise it. It is well that the English people should be taught, even by the bitterest means, that this world is not a great raree-show, a cockney bank holiday playground, where people's sole business is to have, in the cant phrase, "a good time". Life is a serious business, and it is at our peril that we dare regard it otherwise. For many years we have been living among shams and sentimentalities, toying with tawdry pleasures, unreal emotions, artificial excitements. We have wasted on toys like golf and football energies meant for nobler purposes.

England must put away the childish life and settle down to the mood of a people determined, like those gallant Belgians, to suffer all things rather than betray their obligations to their successors. Every Englishman loves that old story of Drake and the game of bowls. Drake finished the lesser game before he fared forth to the greater. But we may be sure that Drake never trod a bowling green again until his work was done. Let us return to the golf and the cricket and the bridge when our task is finished—though, it may be hoped, we shall not again make these trifles the serious business of life. But, while the fate of Europe hangs in the balance, he is a poor Englishman who can satisfy his soul by watching the tricks of a football forward or the trajectory of a golf ball.

#### ALIEN ENEMIES IN ENGLAND.

IN another part of the SATURDAY REVIEW this week we print an article by Bishop Frodsham on the question of German aliens in this country and people of German birth who have become naturalised British subjects. We have already insisted that Germans, whether naturalised or not, who are living a quiet and innocent life in England should be treated with courtesy and common humanity, and therefore it is hardly necessary to say that with what he writes on this score we fully agree. One or two persons of disordered imaginations

have been writing to us this last week taking exception to our plea for courtesy towards such Germans here: they would insist that the Germans are not courteous to us—therefore why be courteous to them! That, of course, is crude ignorance. Even suppose German officers manacle Belgian prisoners to their stirrups, or ride wantonly over flower beds, or suppose German sailors sow the open sea with mines, that would not excuse British officers and sailors for acting in the same brutal and inhuman manner. On the contrary, a British officer or British sailor will rather study to refrain expressly from a German fighting man's style and method in such things. We agree, then, cordially, with Bishop Frodsham in his plea for humane conduct towards innocent German and Austrian people in this country; though we incline to go further than he goes in regard to the question of taste as it relates to people of German associations who are members of London clubs. We quite strongly think that they ought not, during the war, to frequent the British clubs: they will be very well advised to keep strictly away: and we hold that it is not inhumane to take this line, but a question of expediency and common sense.

But there is another sort of alien—actively perilous and hostile. We can no longer disregard the evidence as to the activities of some of these alien enemies which is constantly accumulating. We refer to the organised system of spying which has clearly been practised in this country for many years, which apparently was still intended to continue, and which was obviously connected with an organised campaign of outrage. The former was to give information to Germany; the latter to spread panic in England should "the day" arrive.

The average ability of the German spy is not high. But they appear to have made up in numbers what they lacked in sense. There is no doubt that considerable information, some of it of value, has been conveyed to Berlin; while there is evidence that this system was to be continued, so far as possible, after the outbreak of war. The cutting of the cables to Germany, fortunately, put a stop to one of the means of communication, and the prohibition placed upon the possession of carrier pigeons by aliens has closed another gap. But when money is spent freely, the resources of civilisation are not exhausted by these two channels; and we hope that the police are keenly watching the activities of those people whom they have reason to suspect. There have been suspicious indications that some people in high position, social and official, in England, have conveyed information abroad lately, and we are glad to see that the police are not hesitating to search the houses and investigate thoroughly the circumstances of such men. An enquiry of this kind may be a nuisance to the innocent German who lives in this country as an honest neutral; but that is part of the inevitable price paid by the alien in war time. He has nothing to fear from an enquiry into his private affairs by official agents. The last thing we want to see is amateur man-hunting and a spy mania; but in view of the facts that have already come to general knowledge, it is the duty of the public to communicate any suspicious cases to the police and to allow the police to do the rest. One has no fear that they will not discharge their duties promptly, efficiently, and with all the tact that the circumstances permit. If any alien is aggrieved the civil courts are open, and British justice prides itself on showing fair play to enemy as well as friend; but the safety of the realm must be secured.

Another and perhaps more serious and widespread aspect of this trouble is that of the number of Germans who have been found in the possession of arms and ammunition and bombs by recent police investigations. Many of these cases have not been published in the Press, but a sufficient number have been reported for the public to realise that here was a very grave danger. The German method of making war is to strike panic into the heart of the enemy. Their tactics in Belgium have shown it; our own discoveries here have confirmed it. They calculated that by burning villages in Brabant they would terrorise the Nether-

lands into submission, that by dropping bombs over Antwerp they would stampede the inhabitants. In the same way the presence of a few cruisers in the Atlantic was to strike panic into ship-owners, whether British or neutrals trading to British ports, and mine-laying in the North Sea was to have the same effect on our Fleet and such shipping as cared to brave those dangerous waters. Similarly a few outrages in England were to disorganise our defensive arrangements, to disarrange our internal communications, and, in the event of a German invasion, it seems likely that a whole series of these exploits was to be sprung upon us. Only on that ground can we explain the very numerous bombs and guns that have been found concealed in the boxes or houses of German aliens in our midst.

The psychology of panic is an interesting subject, and those who conceived the idea of exploiting it were undoubtedly ingenious. Conceivably it might have succeeded. A fleet of Zeppelins over London on the night of the declaration of war, combined with the explosion of a number of bombs in the streets and a raid in force on our coasts, might by some strange chance have disastrously disturbed our people; though we do not think it would have stampeded the English public. The Germans, however, calculated that it would. Unfortunately for them, their chance has gone. With England "safely at war again", as Horace Walpole laughed, we have settled down to the new conditions, and the only effect of Zeppelins above and bombs below would be to intensify our determination to fight to the end. In the same way the burning of poor villages and blackmailing of rich cities in Belgium has only intensified our disgust at the German method of campaigning.

English people who take long to grow angry have a faculty for deep anger when occasion calls. The discoveries of German resources and offensive weapons in this country has given us good cause for anger against the people who have taken advantage of their welcome. For the German whom we take prisoner of war we have respect; he has fought for his country to the best of his ability and the fortune of war has gone against him. Any display of anger or contempt towards him would be unworthy. For the well-disposed German residents in this country we can also feel some sympathy. They are placed in an extremely awkward position, cut off from friends, shut up among enemies, possibly unable to make a living, compelled to conceal their natural sentiments. Their best policy, as we have suggested, is to keep silent, and to show themselves as little as they conveniently can in the clubs and restaurants. There is no personal feeling against many of these people, who to our knowledge dislike the methods of their countrymen. We have no ground for acting harshly against those who have settled here, married English wives and formed English interests; who are caught, as it were, in a storm, recognise the awkwardness of their position, and make the best of it. But we have every ground for proceeding against those who have abused our hospitality, and we are glad to have the assurance that the police are taking every possible step to bring them under control. There must be no quarter. We cannot afford to go on wasting the energy of our people guarding against the surprise of an enemy in our midst. He must be rooted out.

## SPECIAL ARTICLES.

### THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 4) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teachest my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

**W**HAT a pæan must a young man trained to arms shout when he goes to war in full confidence that the powers bred by battle-training and discipline have forged within him the innate feeling that victory

must be his reward. What a pæan must old soldiers utter when, after years of neglect and unacknowledgment by their country for past services, they are summoned to prove their metal and rejoin the Colours to fill gaps which should be the burden of a younger manhood. What poignant grief to the youth that has a heart full of fight but has not disclosed the will to train for the combat. We have found somewhat late in the day that we train and maintain a small Regular Army raised from the starvelings of the country to maintain its able-bodied men in luxury and enjoyment. Democracy in these islands has yet to learn the need of personal sacrifice for the national good. It has to realise that a creed of rights without duties can only destroy itself. Trained and disciplined soldiers are created only by time and money. No amount of millions can buy the time necessary. We proclaim our weakness to our foes by advertising in the journals for 2,000 officers ("boys with women's voices striving to speak big") and invite 500,000 men to swell our ranks. Why not compel them to come in and see what stuff the nation is made of? Why not employ the best recruiting sergeant, the law of the land, to enable us to clothe with flesh and blood the framework designed by Lord Haldane when he put his great mind to the task of Army reform, and who in his first enthusiasm boldly stated that he wanted 900,000 men? We shall not attempt such a measure, for what is fundamentally amiss is this: that while the Germans, French, Russians, and other Continental nations are taught and trained to die for their country, we more than any other people are taught to live for ourselves. We want men, men, men. The Prime Minister declines to take the bull by the horns and invoke the aid of the law for his purpose. Let us invoke the inroad of five or six German airships to make the sluggard manhood of this nation realise we are at war. A Britisher who could do this task with his private airship and drop a spare bomb or two from such a craft flying German colours would be doing a patriotic service. The sooner men can be put into the ranks physically fit to march and perfected in the handling of arms and on the rifle-ranges the greater the hopes we may have of bringing this gigantic struggle we have undertaken to a successful issue. In my first letter I warned my readers that the delay we imposed by our hesitation to take up arms might cost us twenty-five million and 25,000 men. We have already had to meet a bill of ten million on behalf of Belgium, and our casualty list is not yet published. It is safe to assert that, if French forces could have been spared from the long line of defence to garrison and hold Namur and relieve the Belgian garrison, the first blow which has befallen our allied arms might have been averted. But, alas, we were late in getting into our allotted position in that long line.

### THE SEAS.

The silence of the oceans of the world is ominous, and may it remain so. Swift transports steaming hard must ere now be conveying outwards troops of a second line to distant garrisons to return laden with men trained and fit to fall into line with the little force we have put into the vast Continental struggle. Right well has our Navy convoyed that gallant Army to its bases over-Channel. Not a hitch, not an accident, has been recorded, and everything with clockwork regularity. Twice fortunate are we that we have bought, even at the cost of 250 millions, a double experience: that of mastering all the niceties of oversea military expeditions, and, further, that, having found the necessity of creating the "Brain of an Army", the latter only wanted opportunity of proving its mastery of method and organisation. Had it not been for the fortunate lessons of the Boer War we may verily believe that we should have taken on our present task with half the dunderheadedness of Crimean days. What a task lies before the Navy—the dull, monotonous drudge of watch, watch, watch—and yet with all their vigilance was it not a fishing smack that gave first warning of the doings of the "Königin Luise",



with her vile machines? The best proof of the triumph of our Navy on the seas is put before us on our breakfast-tables. Prices are still low. Our granary is the sea, and we perish if we lose our hold upon it.

THE WESTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",  
26 AUGUST.

My letter No. 3 will have warned my readers of the weakness of a combination of allies in war. When official report recorded a meeting between Sir J. French and General Joffre in Paris in the early days of August no mention was made of the attendance of the Belgian commander, and suspicion was justified in expecting independent action by the Belgian Army. Home instincts have prevailed, and the gallant Belgian who has gained the first and foremost distinction in this war by the defence of the Liège forts has found that in the open field the hordes of the Kaiser are more than he can battle with. A field army once shepherded as is the Belgian Army now in Antwerp is a negligible quantity, and second or even third line German divisions will probably suffice for the task. Their day may come and opportunity arise to dash out and spring upon a stricken foe, but not yet. The iron collar that will soon surround them will first have to give way from the blows of a hammer delivered from outside. Meanwhile the fair soil of Belgium is at the mercy of the foe. There is a method in the murderous behaviour that German troops are said to have developed in this land. Newspaper copy will not fail to exaggerate the tale of atrocity. They must fill their papers somehow, and the knife of the censor is getting daily sharper. The British public revels in horrors, whether on the screen or on the news sheet, and they will be dished up in hundreds on the latter. If the number of tales so recorded be divided by ten you may be fairly near the truth, but if you multiply them by two you are playing the very game the German wants. The lesson of the torch and the sword will not be lost upon the Dutch neighbour, and neutrality will be invoked by the populace to save themselves a similar fate. One shudders to think of the horrors in store for such sick and wounded Germans as are left in the villages and farms should disaster happen to a retreating army.

In my last letter (No. 3) I illustrated the position of the Allied forces on the Belgian soil as a hinge with two flaps pivoting on the forts of Namur. Much, very much has happened in the interval of a weekly story. Not only has the northern flap been forced asunder, but the very hinge itself has been burst and scattered. From the first of these blows the enforced situation of the Allied forces presented what is called a salient angle to the enemy, of which Namur was the apex and the Sambre and the Meuse the faces. The disadvantages of a salient are apparent. You cannot advance from it in battle deployment in any strength. The faces can both be enfiladed by distant gun fire. If the apex is battered in the two faces are liable to be rolled up. On the other hand, if the apex be secured a strong reserve posted somewhere within the angle can deal lightning blows on one side or the other as required. Much would depend in this particular instance whether the Belgians, who were last week holding the line between Liège and Namur, destroyed not only the eight good bridges that cross the river on that line, but also the railway that runs along the north bank. This point is most material, for otherwise concentration for attack and mutual support of attacking corps is much simplified. The rapidity with which the blow at Namur has been delivered leads one to fear that demolitions were not completed before the retreat of the Belgians towards their capital. Namur, with its nine forts, which was the key to the line of positions taken up by the Allied armies on Belgian soil, has been enveloped by superior forces, the salient pierced, and a retirement fraught with much difficulty and considerable risk has become imperative. The movement thus forced upon the Allies is denoted by a military term which requires a new definition.

The commander on this section of the line along the Sambre has been obliged to "refuse" his right, a term which implies retreat, but couched in less dispiriting

language. Pivoting on the strong fortress of Lille, the Allied forces will now, by throwing back this part of their line of defence, assume a fresh line for that purpose, but on French soil. The Allied commander in this battlefield has been the toy of both the fortune and misfortune of war. It was his misfortune that he relied on the strength of his salient at Namur, and another misfortune that he assumed the offensive in place of awaiting the blundering tactical attack masses of his foes before he delivered his own smashing blow. It was his fortune that his offensive failed, for when once his salient at Namur had been forced, a flood of army corps would be let loose upon the rear of his advancing army, cleaving it like nutcrackers and throwing open a clear road to his enemy's objective, Paris. To German arms the capital of France is the objective, to Russian arms it is Berlin, to France it is Father Time. *Tempus edax rerum.* To delay the hostile arms now on her soil is the task of the Allied commander. To wear out the enemy in its front without acknowledging defeat, while the advancing foe gets daily weaker and the delaying force gains in strength—an unusual and certainly not an inspiring method of warfare—that until the psychological hour arrives is what commends itself as the strategy that betokens success to the far-flung battle-line which confronts German arms on east and west.

The serpentine nature of the extensive line which once denoted the faces of the opposing armies will now have to be straightened out. The process will leave the Allies in position along French and not hostile soil. **Morale, the greatest factor in war, will after a succession of reverses have to be carefully nursed before fresh offensive action can be taken.** Few, very few, can realise the spirit of enthusiasm which fires an army who has come out victors in the first great passage-at-arms, and none can realise how hard it is to restore morale to troops who have met defeat in the initial trial at arms. The German victory is the outcome of a nation who "thinks" in war, and their success should be recognised. This war plan has been sealed up and thought out for years by the great General War Staff at Berlin. The movements of the great armies have been timed with the accuracy of a cinema film upon the roll, and how well the machinery has worked is now depicted on the war screen. When two years ago a large addition to the number of Army Corps was demanded by the German War Staff one could detect the object. The original plan designed to crush France was not to be interfered with on any account, and an entirely new plan was required to meet trouble on her eastern frontier. All war staffs guessed the reason, and, following to the best of their ability the example set by Germany, added huge numbers to their armies—all except one, ourselves, who positively and of intent reduced our Army. What would we not give now for the 50, 30, even 20 thousand trained men we want so badly and whom we have shed so thoughtlessly.

The errors of the Allied strategical initial plan of operations will have been atoned for ere this reaches the printer, but to suggest a movement that would condone it and lead to success requires courage. I take courage in both hands and pray that we shall see depicted upon the war plan in the near future a large mass of Allied cavalry on the extreme left flank supported by our own British Army Corps ready posted with all arms, under the orders of our own British general, to launch in one grand drive across the Belgian plains that intervene between Lille and Brussels. By breaking in upon the hostile rear it will relieve Antwerp of its iron girdle and thereby, united with the Belgian Army, compel a strategic movement of the enemy that will require from him a most supreme effort to disentangle his mass of army corps. It reads like a peace war game; but is it an impossibility? That rare combination, the hour and the man, is the consideration. In war the man is everything. On this occasion the very man is on the spot. A man with a genius for war that raises itself above rules. The time-keeper on the field has but to collect the means, adjust the ropes, keep the ring, and give the signal. In war nothing is impossible.

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",  
24 AND 27 AUGUST.

The Russian millions are now well in their stride to play their part, which if the pace is maintained should act as a thunderbolt upon the defensive line of Eastern Germany. Many stout nuts, in the shape of defensive forts and strongholds, lie across their path, but as the mass advances it can disburden itself of a few army corps to mask these obstacles and still keep its columns on a front within supporting interval and, reaching first the line of the Vistula, there again reform its line of columns for the further stage to the Oder. Upon the Russian legs, more than upon its arms, will hinge the duration of the struggle of the nations now waging on the Continent of Europe. No less than thirty-six army corps are moving towards their respective spheres of action. One can only hope that timely military administration can deal with the provisioning of such a leviathan.

THE DANUBE FRONTIER AREA.

As I foretold in my opening chapter, the recent experience of a two-years war has enabled the Servians to prove themselves the masters of novices in the art, even though the latter outnumber them considerably. The Drina, near its confluence with the Save, has proved a watery grave for many Austro-Hungarian troops. Servian eyes will not, however, look to Vienna for its objective. In a south-west corner on the Adriatic she may yet gain by arms what her northern bully deprived her of by an armed diplomacy.

ALIENS AND NATURALISED BRITISH  
SUBJECTS.

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

IF there is an outbreak of fierce and widespread animosity against the German born who are scattered throughout the world the Germans will have themselves to blame. The stories of their brutality to non-combatants, of their firing upon hospitals and unfortified towns, of their savaging wounded enemies lying in the field of battle, are too horrible to be believed with ease. For the sake of what is left of idealism in the country of Goethe and Schiller we may hope that they will be disproved at least in some details. But in their determination to make the name of Germany terrible—so terrible that even a Chinaman should not dare to "glance crookedly" at them—the Germans have opened the floodgates of medieval barbarism.

Other fuel for a conflagration of ill-will has similarly been supplied. An abominable system of espionage in friendly countries probably was not worth much at the best—or the worst. This is the view of some who are well able to assess the matter. Now, there is nothing of any practical value which the foreigner, with the "unmistakable bearing of a cavalry officer", can sift from the gossip of a London restaurant and transmit to his Fatherland. Moreover, all dangerous aliens are under a very vigorous, if silent, surveillance by the Home Office. But the net result of the system is that the Germans have established for themselves the unenviable reputation of being a nation of spies, and it will be surprising if this reputation does not react upon their many innocent and honourable fellow-countrymen who are scattered abroad. It is very surprising that Germans have been so slow to apprehend this fact. Why even the gauche German youths at present in London, who take shelter behind their own insignificance and English toleration to splutter insults at English soldiers as they pass, seem incapable of realising that their valiant impertinences are likely to discommode most of all not their British hosts, but the German tourists, the governesses, and the schoolgirls who are war-bound in England, and whose helplessness is their best protection. The truth is the Germans are so completely possessed by their dreams of *weltpolitik*, and by what Herr Bebel once denominated *sieglust*,

that they cannot realise what will be the effect of their own actions. They seem incapable of seeing that if they destroy alike the written and unwritten treaties between men and men they, too, must suffer. And granted that ruthlessness may engender only fear in some quarters, is it not a fact that nothing has inspired so much cruelty against helpless foes as fear has done?

So far as England is concerned the situation thus being raised by the Germans has not yet reached any acute phase. This is not due so much to any greater degree of self-restraint among us as to our present immunity from invasion. If Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen believed that their wounded were being savaged, or that their civilians were "stuck at random" by Uhlans, the situation would be completely changed. As it is, however, there are lamentable signs of a revulsion of feeling against the sane and wise toleration shown so far in this country towards innocent and helpless subjects of nations with whom we are at war. This revulsion is largely due to the materialistic conceptions of the age which have found their apotheosis in Germany. The sport of spy-hunting is not popular in this country. Where it has been attempted by amateurs it has resulted chiefly in drawing a blank. But Napoleonism has its admirers among us, and there are many who do not openly admire the terrible logic of Treitschke, but yet believe in "doing as we are done by". Such demoralising ideas should be combatted at all costs. They are unchristian. They are unwise. "For the moment", writes an acute observer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, "the conscience of the world is in our keeping, and it is the greatest treasure that our Fleet has to guard". God forbid, then, that at the end of the war we should find ourselves infected by the spirit of brutal disregard of the rights of the weak who stand in our path, a spirit which will destroy any nation that holds it. The British Empire of all the "league of civilisation" has now the most power to be magnanimous on principle. If we keep our heads we may do much to prepare the way for better things when better things are possible.

There is one question upon which some clear thinking seems necessary at the present time. It is a matter of self-preservation that any attempt made by alien enemies to abuse their position among us, either by the destruction of property or by active espionage, should be sternly punished. It is not inconsistent with the finest courtesy that all alien enemies, whether active or not, should be restricted to specified areas. It would be courteous for such persons to absent themselves from clubs to which they belong in those areas. It would be wise of them to keep whatever mean opinion they may have of their hosts to themselves, and that for the sake of their fellow countrywomen. It would be equally wise for English folk to be pitiful and courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, and above all things to honour and respect the rights of British citizenship when it has been given to those of German or Austrian birth. There is a real danger at this point also. As a case in point at least two London clubs have requested all their members of German and Austrian birth to absent themselves during the war, and an effort has been made to get other clubs to follow this procedure. The assumption behind the request is that all born in Germany and Austria are our enemies, and that it is intolerable for an Englishman to sit in peace in the same room with a German while relations of both are at one another's throats on the field of battle. This is not an argument which would appeal to soldiers. It may be allowed in the case of alien Germans and Austrians as a question of good taste. But no consideration can justify the application for such a request with regard to the German born and the Austrian born who have been admitted into the privileges of British citizenship. Neither are they our enemies. A near neighbour of the writer is a German-born British citizen—that is, he comes from German seed. Two of his seed are justifying the purity of their father's citizenship by fighting as British officers in the British Navy in the North



Sea. To ask men like these to absent themselves from a British club because they are German born and hold a German name would be a disgrace to the club which would make the suggestion.

It is said that the British have made their citizenship a "thing too lightly got", and that many German-born British citizens are traitors in heart and deed. The conditions of naturalisation may be framed too loosely, but it is not fair to throw the onus of such looseness upon those who have faithfully accepted them as they are. Moreover, it is not in accordance with the spirit of British justice to penalise any man, still less any large body of men, as though they were unfaithful to the country of their adoption, simply because they happen to have been born in what is for the time being an enemy's country. It would be an act of supreme stupidity to penalise them because they happened to possess a German patronymic.

If ruthless materialism is to be vanquished, if the brotherhood of mankind is to be snatched as a precious treasure from the flaming ruins of European homesteads, it can best be done by the great body of this nation keeping a high standard of humanity, at all odds, so that at the end of the war the standard may be accepted as that of the world.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE FRENCH PEOPLE IN ARMS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

HERE I am at the roadside inn, waiting till the shower stops and I can ride on. I came back from Switzerland by the last train that ever ran, taking twenty-six hours to accomplish the distance between Bâle and Paris. I consumed three days in Paris preparing against emergencies and trying to get impossible permits to travel north in a military train, and reach the little town I still call home before it is too late to reach it at all. Finally I hired a wretched old bicycle, patched it up, fastened a bundle of MSS. in front and a travelling-bag behind, and started on my journey. I feel certain now that the Germans will not be there before me, but the uncertainty as to the contrary which I felt for several days is still on me and gives me wings.

War produces melancholy effects, almost from the first minutes, on countries capable of a complete military organisation like France. There is something awful in the enormous migration of young men towards regions where their fate awaits them; in the stillness of so busy a place as Paris as I saw it that Sunday evening on issuing out of the Gare de l'Est; in the interruption of most of what we call life, the closing up of shops and banks, the disappearance of public conveyances, the shortage of silver, the scarcity—felt at a few hours' notice—of everyday commodities. There is pathos in the sight of the bands of horses taken away from their peaceful routine, and having no other chance of being identified and brought back home, if they survive, than the figures branded anyhow on their hide. There is a strange solemnity over the rich autumnal country. The wonderful fields of the Valois which I crossed yesterday roll gently miles away, but as far as the eye can see no human form appears. I ride for hours under the rustling arch of aspens bordering the road without meeting a traveller, and I stop once on hearing the cicada noise of a far-away reaping machine. The sky is a glory of blue and white and of the subtlest tints of gold and purple, but somehow its all-covering expanse recalls the all-ruling thought: war—the impossible thing—is here at last, and the swift motion of my machine will in a short time bring me within sight of it.

But there is something else. War is father of terror, but it is also father of virtues which in everyday life are impossible to most of us and which the

moment a mobilisation notice is placarded on the walls become natural and easy. Since I left Switzerland, some time last week, I saw nothing but what was a glorification of human nature. I had a pang, I admit, at seeing the first French stations—Belfort, Lure, Vesoul—almost unguarded, while the Swiss lines had been bristling with bayonets, and it was a torture to hear foreigners make remarks on the contrast. But that was only my ignorance. The regular garrisons of those towns had left in the morning for the frontier, and the reserves had not had time yet to come down to replace them; but at dawn, in the neighbourhood of Langres and Chaumont, train after train began to appear carrying thousands of men, and then an intense joy filled me. I was brought up a short distance from Sedan, and my childhood was sickened with narratives of the departure of the French troops shouting, "à Berlin!" and in a few weeks coming back defeated and enraged when they were not depressed.

Here there was nothing of the kind; the men did not sing, but they all looked radiant, the Regulars grinning above their best uniform, the Reservists, dressed so carefully in their Sunday clothes and carrying neat bundles, the evident work of their wives. We exchanged greetings, but the ever-recurring speech from the military train was: "Ah! mais, ce n'est pas par là qu'on va", in a tone which implied true regret for us who moved away from the frontier. Numbers of Reserve officers, some of them almost old men, filled the stations, intelligent-looking men with the quiet smile which Frenchmen often bear when they mean business. Later on I heard a gigantic Reservist, with a pink, round face, give the formula of the universal feeling, which I am sorry to have forgotten as he expressed it, but his meaning was that everybody made his own affair of this particular war, and that is exactly what it is. The enthusiasm of 1792 is replaced by a conviction which makes the strength of each individual tenfold, and I see it frequently allied with an intelligence of which I am proud for my race. Some thirty kilometres after leaving Paris, towards dusk, I was stopped by a post of five Reservists in white *bourgeois* who demanded my passport. I had none, but my card of the last election and a semi-official document, given me at the last minute by that kindest of men, Sir Henry Austin Lee, of the English Embassy, did duty for one, and the soldiers took me to dinner at their inn. Their sergeant was a gentleman, but the other four were butchers at the la Villette market, whose professional interest would every now and then break out in disquisitions about la Plata oxen and Madagascar oxen. But their chief interest was the war and the European situation, and I was amazed at their easy mastery of the chief elements. What the papers said in flowery language they said in simple terms, but the feeling was the same: the present war is the war of those who want peace against those who want war. They seemed to discriminate to perfection between the Germans as a nation and their Government, even between the Kaiser, who was an *homme d'affaires*, and his son, who was *un fou furieux*. They had clear notions about the divisions of parties in Germany; they did not affect military knowledge, but they had a map to which they frequently referred and which I saw hundreds of privates buy at Soissons yesterday. I told them that I crossed their quarter, and they asked me how the women looked. As they were perfectly heroic, like all the women I saw in Paris—with one single exception—I told them so, and they brightened up amazingly. They had a very correct estimation of the English possibilities in the north, and could not admire enough the rapidity with which England had passed from decision to action.

I left them next morning and pushed on to Soissons. Here I found a town entirely full of uniforms, and day after day the whole military population changes. It is useless to repeat what I have said about their morale, although it is an endless pleasure; but an officer told me that something which the military authorities

thought impossible has happened. The Territorials are called in units numbering 375, but the Government had calculated that owing to illness and various causes most of them would not exceed 300. The full number has been attained in four cases, and is seldom short of more than five or six.

### THE MUSIC OF OUR SOLDIERS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE thin red line of the English exists no more; no more does the British square blaze in scarlet. The shining cuirasses of the French are shrouded in straw, rags, what not; the brilliance of the steel helmets is dulled. Man, taking at last a hint from the insect and dumb animal creation, has learnt to make himself as little as possible distinguishable from the woods and fields amidst which he strides or rides. The pomp and circumstance of war are departed. The bandsmen and trumpet-majors and drum-majors of past days no longer play on the road to battle; their trumpets, bugles, fifes and drums no longer o'er-crow the roar of the cannon. An authority tells me that the band led the army into action until "the advent of arms of precision". Then they allowed themselves to be pushed out of the way—not to speak disparagingly of them, for from their ranks stepped forth some of the bravest of the brave—to the background.

In modern warfare this was inevitable. Apart from the evident folly of placing a small squad of bandsmen where the enemy could shoot them down, war has become a scientific game in which secrecy is one of the chief factors. I remember reading that at Waterloo the trumpets of Blücher's host were heard for more than an hour before it came up. Nowadays our Wellingtons will receive a telephone message, and the enemy will get no hint that it is time to move; he may therefore stay a little longer and get more decisively cut up. Bandmasters and bandsmen have not witnessed the change without scorn and fears for the future. But they may take heart. The picturesque, the theatrical, element has gone out of fighting; yet the band has as large a share in the real business of war, the fundamental, effective business, as ever it had—on the whole, I think, a larger share.

The altered position of the band corresponds to the altered conception of what an army should be when it goes out to give battle. At one time, when men had been taught to march in step, to handle a musket, a sword, or a pick, or a lance, and to understand and obey the word of command, it was considered they were sufficiently fit to take the field. In those days the band was a rudimentary concern. When Napoleon threatened our shores and every citizen hastened to join the train-bands, a few marrow-bones, each with a few holes dexterously drilled in them, formed the "wind" section of the band, which, for the rest, was made up of drums, big or little—anything the musicians could lay hands on. Their duty was to cheer our men on the march. Previous to that, at Oudenarde and Fontenoy, our generals had perceived the value of really musical bands playing popular national songs, dances, and marches; and despite the opposition of what corresponded to the War Office of yesterday, bands were gradually built up in this country. Aristocratic officers of the seventeenth and eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries paid out of their own pockets for the music which successive governments denied them. The Royal Artillery led the way. By a long series of happy chances one powerful colonel after another happened to love music, and besides enjoying it for its own sake, perceived its practical usefulness. Kneller Hall was State property, having been acquired by the Government in 1840 to serve as a training school for the masters of elementary schools. It became a music school and was supported by contributions from officers and the bands of various regiments from 1857, and it was not fully taken over by the State until 1875. Long before this date the Royal Artillery band was celebrated not only in Eng-

land, but throughout Europe, its fame reaching even America; and those who heard its performances at Queen's Hall a few years ago will cordially acknowledge the fine results achieved by a line of highly competent conductors—notably, Mackenzie, Collins, Smyth, and Zaverthal. Without the enthusiastic support, the practical, financial help, of the successive commanders, and indeed all the officers, these results could not have been attained. The bandsmen handle with equal mastery the military instruments and those of the ordinary concert-orchestra; and for nigh a hundred years the foremost musicians of each generation have paid due tribute of praise to the unvarying excellence of their performances. I do not wish to exalt this band at the expense of others; simply I select the Royal Artillery as an example or specimen or sample of what is being done in the Army, and I have in mind a book I read not long ago, Mr. H. G. Farmer's most interesting "Memoirs of the Royal Artillery Band", which I recommend to everyone.

How well the Army bands play is known to everyone who is not above listening to them in London's parks and gardens. I have often paid a penny in Embankment gardens and enjoyed Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and Wagner. Only a few days ago I heard Lieutenant Hans—in spite of his name an Englishman if there is one alive—and his gallant men go brilliantly through an admirable programme—and this again I mention simply as a sample. It may be asked what this sort of thing and concerts in Queen's Hall have to do with the music of real war. Well, we know the tag, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war". This may quite rightly be taken to mean that the victories of war are largely won in times of peace. And the drill-sergeant knows how music keeps up the soldier's spirits and reconciles him to the hours and days of military training; he will give his heart to his work if it is relieved by the display-days when he marches through the streets with banners flying and accompanied by his band. Not being versed in Wellington literature, I do not know what he thought of music; but I fancy that the commander who wrote a long letter—addressed to a general, too—concerning the relative merits of tin and iron camp-kettles, must have observed that his forces marched better and longer with a band to cheer them up than without a band. I feel certain Lord Kitchener knows it. Our men went through France singing "It's a long way to Tipperary", and I am told that those who could not sing whistled, and those who had an instrument played it. The early warriors used their bands to hearten themselves and scare the enemy. But I fear this help to success in arms has gone out. On the battle ground only half a dozen bugle or trumpet-calls linger—"Commence" or "Continue firing", "Stand fast" or "Cease fire", "Execute orders received", "Charge" (which, my authority says, is rarely used), and the "Alarm". These are infantry calls, and the cavalry possess a larger number. Police whistles are used by company officers to regulate the firing in certain circumstances.

The shades of the brave men who died at Waterloo may frown contemptuously, thinking our elaborate bands of trumpets, flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, euphoniums and drums far beneath those who marched to death to the music of drum and fife; but as a matter of fact it was these old drummers and fifers who were there for show, and it is our perfectly equipped modern bands which exist for real use. Not only do they beguile wearying marches on the route and make a brave display in the towns, but the concerts they give in peace time afford officers and men alike a source of recreation healthier by far than the amusements of a bygone age. Wellington's braves passed their off-duty hours in drinking mainly, and in dicing, cards, prize-fighting and cock-fighting. What would a colonel of 1800 say to a colonel of 1900 who in his leisure sits down with his officers and bears the pianoforte part in a Brahms trio? Effeminate? I doubt it—or rather I have no doubts about the matter, for I know that as brave deeds have been done in our time, and will be done in the present war, as any we



can read of in the history-books and accounts of former wars.

About Kneller Hall there remains to say a good deal, which must be left over for my next article. The splendid work done by the officials there, and especially by Major Stretton, ought to be recognised; and, incidentally, I shall have to criticise all the Ministers who have held office since 1857 for the shameful way the bands have been starved. But, leaving this for the moment, let me remind readers that, besides theatres there are concerts and opera to be supported. The Promenades are in full and glorious swing, and the Carl Rosa company is coming to London if there is any prospect of its paying its way. Those who wish to help should send a postcard at once to Mr. van Noonden, 14a, Wrotham Road, N.W.

#### THE ENGLISH CHARACTER TO-DAY.

THIS war has shown how loose is much of the current talk concerning the demoralisation of the English character. This is not a time for self-applause; but neither is it a time for assuming that England is not herself. The English character is to-day much what it was in the days of Napoleon or Philip—unless, indeed, it be a fallacy to talk of national character at all. We do not desire windily to affirm that the English are necessarily all excellent citizens and brave men—generous, level-headed, courteous, merciful, and by God's decree always in the right. But we do desire to affirm that "that England which was wont to conquer others" has not yet made a "shameful conquest of itself". We have no reason to be downcast at this present hour. We do not sit complacently above the nations. But we do protest at this moment that much of the recent talk concerning the degeneration of our pith is the familiar nonsense of critics too quick to frame indictments against whole nations and classes. There is in time of prosperity and peace too much of this easy rhetoric. Quick references are made without deep investigation or any real imaginative insight into the life of our people—a life slow to change, unaffected by superficial currents, presenting in the average a uniform posture. Historians have tended to evade the riddle of the common mind; they look blankly into the plain face of the multitude and turn away. Either they neglect to break into that region of silence in which the spiritual life of the nation mysteriously dwells or they mislead us with wild assumptions based on observation of a single group or class in the community—the noblemen, the poets, the clergy, or the politicians.

There is, in fact, no moral history of the nations. Historians largely absorb their energies in telling the tale of events which lie on the surface. We have little material for understanding the condition of the great bulk of mankind at different epochs. It is almost impossible to say in what respects the practical morality of men differed in the days of the "Black Death" or the "Gordon Riots" from the practical morality of men to-day. Were men more or less courageous, sober, clean living, envious of luxury, and so forth, when Philip of Spain stood at the gate of England? It is difficult to say. There is no subject on which historians dogmatise with less justification. They tell us that the English at one time were infamous for their brutality and cynicism, that at another they were remarkable for public spirit and purity of manners. A favourite example is offered by the historical contrast usually presented between the age of Cromwell and the age of Charles. Historians like to contrast the severity and restraint of the one period with the looseness, extravagance and cynicism of the other. A little reflection and an examination of the private papers of the period clearly show that the mass of the nation were quite unaffected by a superficial political revolution on the surface. Generalisations based on contrasting the achievements of Admiral Blake with the national shame of a Dutch fleet in the Medway are shown to be difficult

of justification. Nor is it wise to assume that because Cromwell had an independent foreign policy, and because the Long Parliament of the Restoration was largely in the pay of the Great King, therefore the people of England under Cromwell were gallant and incorruptible, whereas under Charles they were more or less ruled by self-interest and flat bribery. Rapid political changes hardly ever correspond with any real or deep revolution in national character. It is dangerous to speak of a whole nation as being demoralised or elevated. These terms should usually be confined to narrow circles of the court or parliament, or those leisured people who most quickly and readily respond to the light, superficial currents of fashionable manners, philosophy or religion. The mass of the people remains true to its original stock.

What means has the historian of judging whether Englishmen at one period are better or worse than Englishmen at another, or than the foreigner at any time? What means has any observer of measuring the character and morality of his own day? We are compelled to judge from a little circle in immediate contact with ourselves. We can tell roughly what is the average moral standard in the clubs, universities, at the Bar, among members of Parliament, in the Army, or in the social *milieu* in which we happen to move. Very few of us can talk with confidence about the moral state of a whole class of people. Fewer still can venture to compare our own people with their foreign neighbours. Nevertheless essayists and historians are always to be found quite ready to bring fierce indictments against a whole nation. We have been told quite recently that the English people are self-seeking, ready to be corrupted, reckless of truth, with luxury in great houses and bitter revolt and class feeling among the poor; but it has only needed this present crisis of the war to disappoint all those prophets who predicted that England was ready to sink into despair at the first menace from abroad, who affirmed that the virtue had gone out of England and that her grave, heroic days had for ever departed.

The English is a singularly unfortunate race for the purpose of the moral historian. The indelible phlegm of the English character is very potent to deceive. This people has often been branded as stupid and casual by intellectual people striving to excite it to enthusiasm. It would be fairer to say that the English obstinately, with a sort of passive energy, will naturally strive to keep an open mind, will resolutely fight against the necessity of reaching a conviction. The zeal shown by the English not to do a thing till it is absolutely necessary has often deceived the observer into concluding that they could not do the thing if they tried. The English protest less than any people in the world. They would always rather grumble than have a revolution. This is the pitfall into which the moral historian so often falls. He has concluded that because the nation "accepted" the doings of Charles II. and his Court the English were therefore corrupt, or at any rate accessories in corruption. He omits to observe that they grumbled all the time. Or he has decided that the nation is decadent because the English have refused to prepare with heart and mind for a crisis in European politics. He omits to observe that at no time in our history have the English ever been persuaded to anticipate events. Our inertia cannot be moved by a hypothesis. Nothing short of an absolute threat to England's safety or an absolute slur upon England's honour can rouse that spirit which historians celebrate in the subjects of Elizabeth and rashly assume to have perished in ourselves. The English do not easily change; and we shall do wisely not to talk too much concerning degeneration under this king or regeneration under that.

We must be reasonable and not too readily talk of types and masses. That the English nation is able still to feel and act as a nation has in these last weeks been proved a hundred times. But this does not necessarily mean that every Englishman is an unselfish patriot any more than the old talk about demoralisa-

tion meant that every Englishman was a loafer. It does, however, mean that there is a majority of Englishmen who care for the good name of their country and who will watch zealously for its honour and safety. We would remind these citizen members of the public how frequently historians with a bias have neglected the mass of the nation and drawn wrong inferences, to our country's shame, from the bad and conspicuous exceptions. There are exceptions to-day; and it is our duty to insist that these shall not be viewed as typical of our spirit. There are in all countries men who fly the flag of their nation above the counter and make money out of the temporary necessities of the poor. There are individuals who yet persist in tastelessly flaunting their enjoyment of unnecessary good things. Let not the eye of our future chroniclers be caught by these exceptions. It is our duty to insist as far as we possibly can that we are as a nation proof against the historians' easy indictments of levity or selfishness. We must watch and discipline every expression of popular sentiment and require that it should not be unworthy. Last week we were in a public place whither the irretrievably idle and irresponsible of a respectable London suburb are in the habit of coming together. Let us hope that the busy and generalising chronicler was not present. He would have heard a crowd, not in the least English as the English have shown themselves in these last weeks, brutally cheering an announcement that 15,000 men lay dead in Belgium, and discourteously hooting a picture of the German Ambassador. This conduct, indecorous and unimaginative, must not be suffered collectively to brand us. It must not go unrebuked. We are thankful to believe that the character to-day of the English people is such that we can fight cleanly and calmly, with mercy and understanding; that we realise our nationhood; and can justly feel that English character in the mass is still able to rise superior to the accepted propositions of our gloomier moralists. But if we are to prove this to people of the future we must be careful to insist that our reputation shall lie in the hands of the English nation. We must zealously guard it. We must not allow it to be inferred from the chances of the street. We must shield our chroniclers from fallacies of the awful example, or we shall meet the calamity which Hamlet feared:

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind  
me!"

We can, in facing this great war, be above suspicion if we will. We are not unworthily meeting this great event; and we can make our reputation good in history and beyond the power of the busy chronicler to corrupt. The public demeanour improves as the public becomes increasingly able to measure the gravity of the struggle in which we are engaged. To-day there is neither levity nor gloom in our people. We are quietly matching ourselves with the issue. But let the firm majority hold straightly in the grip of public opinion all those deviations from the normal with which the historian so loves to brand the community as a whole. We must silence the raven voice and arrest the craven hand. We must be wholly fair to see and sweet to hear. Then the word will be repeated in history that England was again, in the teeth of her critics, true to a type that has survived revolutions, governments, a hundred policies and a thousand fashions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE WAR AND BRITISH TIMBER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

English Forestry Association,

Slough, Bucks,

12 August 1914.

SIR,—Would you kindly insert the enclosed in the SATURDAY REVIEW? We are most anxious to get into touch with all supplies of native timber, etc., and if you can call

special attention to this, and suggest that your readers should write us with full particulars, you would be assisting us greatly.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. DUCHESNE, Hon. Sec.

"The English Forestry Association wish it to be known that they will do everything possible to organise supplies of native timber and forest produce from the various districts in the British Isles, and assist collieries and industries where necessary to obtain timber which they require. The Association has been for some time taking steps to organise the native supplies for collieries and other purposes, and they possess special facilities for pointing to the most likely sources of supplies. They willingly place all facilities and information free of cost for the benefit of consumers or of the timber and other trades, and will act as a centre for all enquiries as to native timber. They invite all those interested in the production, sale, conversion or consumption of timber, to co-operate with them in the present crisis, and send particulars as to timber or goods which they wish to purchase or to sell, or stocks of converted or unconverted timber which they hold. They will then place buyer and seller in touch with each other and leave all negotiations to be conducted direct between the parties interested. They wish to emphasise that they are *not* a trading association, and do not buy or sell timber or goods, nor charge commission or fees. Their work has been always to encourage the use and demand, and to organise supplies of the native timber, and assist home industries, but they leave it to recognised channels to negotiate and supply the demand. They would point out that there are large supplies of nearly all kinds of foreign and native timber at present available. They hope that there is no cause for alarm in any quarter, and they wish to help as far as they can where any difficulty is experienced.

"All communications should be addressed to Honorary Secretary, English Forestry Association, Farnham Common, Slough, Bucks."

## OUR DIET AND DUTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton,

17 August 1914.

SIR,—To be really well one's diet *must be adapted* to one's constitution, and there are no two quite alike. If this be done most of us would be able to do what is described in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 8th and 15th inst.

Diet depends on occupation, age, climate, and constitution, and being properly proportioned in carbonates and nitrates; and if prisoners of war, or any other prisoners, were fed on one article or more deficient in the necessary elements we should have to nurse them as well as feed them, and "the scale of daily rations for prisoners of war" is no doubt arranged by a member of the medical profession, and has the appearance of being so by its proportions, to prevent illness.

The food of France would not do in a cold climate or in ours all the year round, as it is unsuitable; and I have tried it, although I knew this. Old gentlemen of 70 who can "skip, take violent exercise, run upstairs, fight shadows, and walk to work off superfluous food" on such a small quantity of food as that given in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 15th inst. are much to be admired and almost fit for war. I think the doctors would say that there was very little to digest and it was a constitution that did not require much—which is the secret.

I am, yours faithfully,

T.

## WHAT TO EAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Automobile Club,

23 August 1914.

SIR,—I have with interest read Mr. Wake Cook's letter on food in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 15th inst., and also Mr. Palmer Downing's letter in your last issue; but I do not agree with the latter at all.



It is not so much a question of under-feeding or quantity which is needed for nourishment, but quality. If we, for instance, gave the German war prisoners one pound of beef daily, they would from this only obtain about 470 calories, and it is a well-known fact that a human being needs 3,000 calories a day, whether 18 or 70 years of age.

But if we feed them on porridge, bread, margarine, and potatoes they would get a sufficient nitrogenous diet at an ever so much lower cost, and they would—when the war is over—testify to the beneficial result of the diet.

Dr. M. Hindhede (Director of the Danish State Laboratory for Nutrition Research) has, like Professor Chittenden, studied the science of dietetic economy, and he has thoroughly established the virtues of his teaching in Scandinavia and on the Continent. His theory is this: "The diet now generally accepted contains far more protein than is necessary for repairing the body's waste; excess of protein is useless and perhaps harmful. Moreover, protein is the expensive element in our food. By reducing its amount we can live more cheaply. We should all not take '*beef with potatoes*', but ask for '*potatoes with beef*', or—so much the better—drop the beef altogether." It is a luxury, Dr. Hindhede says, which may be dispensed with, not merely without injury to our health, but rather to its advantage.

People can now judge for themselves the advantages of Dr. Hindhede's system. His work, "What to Eat and Why", has by a happy coincidence just been published in London.

At this time, when income is reduced and so many complaints of cost of living are heard on every side, a movement which enormously reduces what is to the majority of people the chief item in that cost—their food—should produce results the extent of which can scarcely be estimated.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT JAMES.

#### BOOKS FOR THE WOUNDED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12, Montagu Street,  
Portman Square, W.

SIR,—The object of this appeal is to provide reading for the wounded soldiers soon to be lying in our hospitals.

For this purpose it is desirable to collect at once a large number of books of the lighter kind, and consecutive numbers of the better class of magazines (illustrated for choice), which will be distributed among hospitals and convalescent homes according to the number of patients.

It will easily be understood how great a boon a library, however small, will prove to a hospital, where many of the patients, either in a convalescent stage or less seriously wounded, require some form of distraction.

Gifts of books will be gratefully received and acknowledged when sent to Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, where the work of distribution will be carried out.

We appeal to you to select and send generously from your library for this admirable object.

I am, yours truly,

BERESFORD V. MELVILLE.

#### ARMING THE NATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lilliput, Dorset.

SIR,—Now that the Pro-Germanic Press is (I trust) in sackcloth and ashes, and the "Potsdamers" thoroughly ashamed of themselves, the nation begins to realise the value of the work of the supporters of a sufficient Navy and Army.

And now that we realise how insufficient our Army is, the time has come when the people will accept the principle of National Service. If only we had accepted this earlier how far better we should be prepared now!

All the better men are enlisting, but there are thousands who prefer to loaf; and it is time that some form of

conscription should be enforced. Above all, let us not commit the crime of the South African war-time, when higher pay was offered to the laggards than to those who had eagerly joined. This fact may have led many loafers to wait.

At least let them be *made* to fight for their country, and at the *lowest* wage.

Yours truly,

H. SOAMES.

P.S.—It is said there are thousands of able-bodied "work-shies" in workhouses; could they not be enrolled in "disciplinary" regiments?

#### MR. SHAW'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE "DAILY NEWS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,

23 August 1914.

SIR,—It is not often that one can accept Mr. Bernard Shaw's views on foreign policy, but surely he is right in his contention that the Government considered itself pledged to support France quite apart from the question of Belgium.

If anyone doubts this let him consider carefully three things: the mobilisation of the British fleet some days before the crisis, the inspired article in the "Times" of 31 July, and Sir Edward Grey's speech on the momentous evening of 3 August. As for the mobilisation, our own journalists noted with glee that it had strengthened Russia in her determination "to stick to her guns", those same guns being trained on Germany. As for the second point, the "Times" declaration that "Russia is now defending a vital interest. France . . . is compelled to support Russia. England is bound by moral obligations to side with France and Russia, lest the balance of forces on the Continent be upset to her disadvantage and she be left alone to face a predominant Germany", meant—if it meant anything—that England was bound, sooner or later, to support France quite apart from the question of Belgian neutrality. The third thing—Sir Edward Grey's speech—confirms the deductions drawn from the other two. "If", he said, "a foreign fleet, engaged in a war which France had not sought and in which she had not been the aggressor, came down the English Channel and bombarded and battered the undefended coasts of France, we could not stand aside, the thing going on practically under our eyes, with our arms folded, looking on dispassionately, doing nothing". Here there is no question of Belgium at all, but a harrowing picture of what might happen to the peaceful coasts of France judiciously left undefended by the absence of the French fleet in the Mediterranean.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

All Saints' School, Sheffield,

23 August 1914.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Shaw's letter in your yesterday's issue, but regret to say I can find nothing in it either to justify the grave accusation against his countrymen which he made in the "Daily News" or to refute your charge of "revolting levity".

We could not, would not, and will not allow the neutrality of Belgium to be violated without a protest of our greatest force. If France had been the violator our action would have been the same. The same question was put to both countries. No question could have been plainer. They each knew that an answer in the negative invited war.

But, as Mr. Joseph McCabe has shown, the greatest mistake one can make is to take Mr. Shaw seriously. His writings lack the first essential of greatness in statesmanship or philosophy—a serious and dignified estimation of the burden of moral responsibility.

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES APPLEBY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27, Green Park, Bath,

24 August 1914.

SIR,—With reference to your comments on the above, I can answer for one of your readers thinking them too moderate, for I should like to go as far as to advise all persons expressing Mr. Shaw's views to remove themselves from British soil. Any really fair-minded man would at this present moment think it his duty to preach the gospel of encouragement, seeing that our Government are straining every nerve to conduct this terrible business on the lines of justice, and have almost gone out of their way to urge our men to fight according to the rules of honourable battle. I don't believe there was a man amongst us who actually had any hatred of the German; he always found a place with us, and we have always been ready to admire all that was good in the German nation; and it is no discredit to us to have believed them incapable of such brutality as they have shown in the beginning of this war. Now to have a cynical Britisher advising us not to feel ourselves superior, and that we are no better than men who are acting like brigands, is really more than a person of flesh and blood can stand.

However, there are consolations from other sources, and I was much pleased with the words of Father Bernard Vaughan, and, thinking they cannot be too widely known, I send them to you with the hope that you may find room for them. They run thus:—

"The lust of power and the greed of gain had atrophied Germany's moral sense, so that in its intoxication it altogether forgot those principles upon which alone civilised nations could live and flourish. Germany's whole policy was a conspiracy against honour, truth, and freedom.

"It was difficult to believe that a people so cultured, so learned, so scientific, and so brave and honourable could stoop to methods so base, mean and contemptible in order to facilitate their robbery of possessions to which they could show no claim.

"Never had Britain engaged in a nobler crusade than the present one."

I thank Father Bernard Vaughan for those outspoken words.

Yours faithfully,  
PALMER DOWNING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I suggest that the amount of attention paid to any stuff, however idiotic, from the pen of Mr. Bernard Shaw is in great part due to the fulsome flattery consistently heaped upon him for many years past? Mr. Shaw's letter in your issue of last week is typical of him. He takes a hypothetical case—implicitly assuming it analogous to the subject one—declares what our action would be in such circumstances, and on the strength of his own declaration draws conclusions to prove he is, as ever, entirely right, and leave us all astonished that so much intelligence could be housed in the brain of one man. The usual terms to be applied to such a letter from Mr. Shaw are "brilliant", "witty", and "studded with paradox"; but to me it seems only a mixture of stupidity and insolence, written with an undoubted, though strictly limited, command of language. Mr. Shaw says if "we were attacked we would, if we thought it necessary, march through Heaven, much less Belgium." Germany has not been attacked: she has attacked. The analogy is, therefore, false. As for the declaration of what we would do, France was attacked; did she attempt to march through Belgium? Or has Mr. Shaw any reason to say our own conduct would have been less honourable? There are no facts upon this much-belauded gentleman's side, only unwarrantable assumptions. He might add to these by saying Frenchmen not having invaded Belgium merely proves they are "not worth their salt"; or that they refrained simply because it suited their book better to let Germany incur the risk and odium of invading the territory of a neutral Power. This might be Shavian wit. It is not the argument of ordinarily intelligent men. As for his contention that, with such a *casus belli* as given in our ultimatum to Germany, we are

logically bound to stop fighting the moment the Kaiser's troops are out of Belgium, it is too silly for notice. Why doesn't he say we should not attack any German ship outside the territorial waters of the United Kingdom or of Belgium? In so serious a crisis as the present let us waste no more time on Mr. Shaw.

D. R. D.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw is incorrigible. His letter in your last issue only makes matters worse and reveals all the undignified faults of essentially little people when they interfere in great matters. Every decent Englishman must resent his remarks. His attitude shows the levity of his own soul, while his indulgence in cheap sneers and the flippancies he is incapable of resisting proves how unable he is to gauge the temper of England at this time. Will Mr. Shaw never learn that we accept him as an amusing performer, not as a serious thinker?

Your obedient servant,  
A. E. M. F.

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

#### NATURE NOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 August 1914.

SIR,—The grey water-wagtail is very scarce round London. It is occasionally to be seen on the banks of the Thames between Kew and Richmond and on those of the Brent in the Harrow district. I have also seen it, but very rarely, on the brink of some of the ponds on some of the suburban commons. In the West of England, in mid-Somerset, it was very numerous years ago, in the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century, and probably still is. The rustics called it "Polly Waterdish". The yellow variety (*Motacilla Rayi*) was also plentiful. As an amateur taxidermist, I am sorry to say, I shot specimens when I was making a collection of birds as a youth. In mediæval times the wagtail was considered a sacred bird, and in a painting by an old master, whose name I forget, there is a wagtail perched on the roof of a shed near the Holy Family. The picture is in the National Gallery.

I am, Sir,  
Yours, etc.,  
W. J. TATE.

#### GERMAN MUSIC AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29, Gwendwr Road, West Kensington,

22 August 1914.

SIR,—Mr. Newman is to be commended for his, surely, unavoidable advocacy of German music, and for reinstating the usual Wagner night at the Promenade Concerts. I am sure no one doubts the patriotism of those to whom German music makes a strong appeal, but to ban the works of German composers for belligerent reasons is Chauvinistic and narrow. Music is above the quarrels of nations, for art is international, and more, the expression of humanity than nationality. Moreover, if German music was to be entirely deleted from musical programmes it would mean, if the deletion was to be consistent, that not only Wagnerian music would be abandoned, but the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Weber, Schumann, Schubert, Strauss, and many other great composers of paramount significance, the rendering of whose works would be inevitable where the best music was played.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,  
G. STRANGWAYS COLLINS.

*The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.*



## REVIEWS.

## L'AUDACE, TOUJOURS L'AUDACE.

"With Wellington in the Pyrenees." By Brigadier-General Beatson. Max Goschen. 15s. net.

**L'**AUDACE, encore l'audace et toujours l'audace " is a counsel of great might. It must be at the front of all high enterprise and it will alone bring a man "into port greatly". In war it is a rule that admits of no exceptions. This chapter of a great campaign that General Beatson has investigated is a reconstruction of manœuvre on a scale very perplexing to the layman. For nine days armies of three countries played out upon the Pyrenees a war game that bristled with possibilities—forced marches under cover of fog or night dark, traps laid and defeated, bloody encounters by day, eternal foil and counterfoil. And the prize was Spain. But *l'audace* was a factor that was operative in every movement; and *l'audace* won the day. Wellington had it. Undoubtedly Soult had it, until the crucial moment—and then it left him and he failed. Less notice has been given to this phase of the Peninsular War than to those operations which have been made glorious by the names of Talavera, Torres Vedras, Salamanca, Vitoria. The battle at Vitoria did not rid Spain of the French. But the Imperial armies in Aragon and Catalonia were prevented from operating with Soult in his new enterprise. The King, "ce pauvre Joseph dont les plans, les mesures et les combinaisons n'étaient pas de notre temps", had proved himself a singularly inefficient soldier, and Napoleon looked to Soult to retrieve the fortunes of his arms: "I have given the Duke of Dalmatia full authority to reorganise the army. I have forbidden the King of Spain to interfere in my affairs, and I suppose that the Duke of Dalmatia will also cause Marshal Jourdan to withdraw from the army." So, with a great heart, the army which a month ago had left behind its baggage, transport, artillery, and ammunition in disordered flight across the frontier came once more to effectuate the boast of the king who had said that "there were no Pyrenees".

Soult's orders were to take the offensive. But the army was not ready, and its reorganisation became the Marshal's first concern. It has been suggested that the anxiety of the French Ministry to be rid of an army whose stay in French territory was a constant drain upon the purse urged this bold assumption of the offensive. Whether this is true or not, we know that when, on 25 July 1813, Soult set his patched machine in motion his own purpose was single: "To prove to Europe . . . that there was still a French army on the Pyrenean frontier".

Only recently we have seen confirmation of the truth of Napoleon's word that, though fortresses will not in themselves arrest an enemy, "they are an excellent means of retarding, embarrassing, weakening, and annoying a victorious army". The forts of San Sebastian and Pamplona, now in French hands, were a serious menace to the safe advance of the allied army. Wellington invested the one and blockaded the other. To cover these operations he distributed his troops over a necessarily long front, river crossings and passes on the accessible roads being guarded by advanced detachments. Every precaution was taken to ensure the safety of his covering line. The distribution of the allies and its suitability in the event of a French advance along the most probable lines is the subject of an interesting discussion on which the author has brought the force of his military acumen to bear. He shows how the attack might have been met, what corps would have been available, the circumstances that would help or hinder rapid concentration, and the ground best suited to the deployment of a resisting force. He closes the chapter with a just tribute to the sterling qualities of our Portuguese allies.

Across the frontier the French army was demanding a definite plan of action. There was open doubt as to the best method of attack. Some advised an advance

of the whole army towards Vitoria; some wished to move into Aragon and join forces with that army, some to relieve San Sebastian, others to march by Roncesvaux to the relief of Pamplona. The decision was left with Soult. He favoured the last plan. On the eve of departure he published a spirited address: "I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from these lofty heights which enable him proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and chase him across the Ebro. It is upon Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion." Valour and devotion indeed quickened the heart of the French army. None who saw them in the field has ever taken from them that good name. That they never drove us across the Ebro, that the army was scattered and its spirit broken, was not the fault of the rank and file, in spite of Soult's dishonourable indictment. General Beatson lays the failure of the French arms at the door of the higher command. Wellington has said of Soult: "He did not quite understand a field of battle; he was an excellent 'logician', knew very well how to bring his troops up to the field, but not so well how to use them when he had brought them up"; and again, that "he was very defective and irresponsible in actual collision". In these nine days of fighting this opinion was justified. At the Leizar-Atheca, early in the week, he wasted six hours in a vain attempt against an enemy with a force insufficient to dislodge him. At Erro he hesitated when almost assured victory was in sight and allowed the allies to retreat under cover of night. Delay lost him his best chance of success at the first battle of Sorauren. When retreat had become inevitable his attempt at a flank march across the front of a victorious army was disastrous, and has drawn the severest stricture from his military critics. Beside his censure of the French marshal the author has set a just appreciation of the English staff officer in the Peninsular. Mistakes were made, and the system of inter-communication—vital to success—was doubtless far from perfect. But the perspicuity of the leaders who pursued their amazing business among the ridges and valleys of the Pyrenees goes unquestioned. Instances of their endurance and personal daring are not wanting. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, without sleep for two nights and in the saddle for nineteen consecutive hours, writes to his chief that he is "somewhat fagged". The conduct of Major-General Barnes at Echalar has been preserved for us by an eyewitness. Lord Dalhousie writes: "We have been licking and kicking the fellows along every day. Yesterday the 7th Division—Barnes's brigade only—had a proper thump at them on these heights here; we caught them cooking above and plundering below in the village. I thought it best to be at them instantly, and I really believe Barnes was among them before their packs were well on. . . . You may judge his resolute impetuosity when eight or ten thousand over him retired up a ridge before Barnes with a thousand. Fortunately Lord Wellington saw it all, and was so delighted that he desired me to issue an order to the brigade to say that their attack was the most gallant, the finest thing he had ever seen."

In the morale of the army—officers and men—lay the secret of success. Wellington has said of them: "I have always thought that I could have gone anywhere and done anything with that army. It was impossible to have a machine more highly mounted and in better order." Nothing succeeds like success. Flushed with past victory, they had that confidence in themselves that could not fail to win. The monstrous brag of Henry V., who thought upon one pair of English legs did march three of the enemy, expresses a conviction that lends courage in the field. But when not at grips nothing but good-fellowship existed between the two armies. A captain who fought at Sorauren tells us that after the engagement French and English mixed "in the most friendly fashion" between the lines.

Specialists should be indebted to General Beatson for the contribution which his research has made to the history of our military transactions—not least for the excellent cartography whereby he has made the way of understanding very plain. The larger public will appreciate this memorial of brave men. In the day of need there were not wanting those who endured greatly because they lived greatly. They will not be wanting to-day. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" rings as true now as when another Emperor flung his challenge in the face of Europe and when men went to the charge with the drums beating.

#### SUPER-HUMANITY.

"The Man of Genius." By Hermann Türck, Ph.D. Black. 12s. 6d. net.

ALL civilisation tends to the average and commonplace. It produces neither great saints nor monstrous sinners, fosters neither noble manners nor savagery, and reaches neither up to heaven nor down to hell. The poppies all grow of one size. Everything that is done is done through committees and majorities and compromises. On the other hand, each big achievement in the world has been a one-man job. In 1796 Napoleon Bonaparte wrote to the Directory:—"I have conducted the campaign without consulting anyone. I should have got nothing done had I been obliged to conform to another's ideas." Dimly conscious of this truth, the flattened-out modern world is attracted to the cult of the superman. Unable to produce geniuses, we set up the effigy of genius on pedestals and columns, whence it looks down upon the common herd like Nelson, Napier, and Gordon looking down on a mob in Trafalgar Square.

Dr. Türck's book has had a large sale in Germany, though two of the supermen considered by him, with copious quotations, are Shakespeare's Hamlet and Byron's Manfred. Genius is held by Lombroso to be a morbid phenomenon akin to madness—Swift's was such, and such the genius of Nietzsche, the superman man, himself, who died raving and declaring himself to be the Deity. On the other hand, Schopenhauer remarks on the childlike naïveté and sublime simplicity of men of genius. Their absorption in the matter before them is objective, disinterested, and the opposite of self-conscious. The feminine mind is too subjective and introspective ever to fly on the highest pinion; and the same thing is true of modern art. A timber merchant cannot see in a forest what a poet sees, because he thinks of it with reference to himself, in terms of cubic feet and stack-yard. To a bull a green landscape means fodder, and to a lion a gazelle means dinner. Only the higher type of mentality succeeds in rising above the personal and subjective standpoint. As the world gets more and more sophisticated, the simple-mindedness and directness of genius grows rarer. We are not sure, however, that exaltation of feeling coincides, as Dr. Türck maintains, with truth. The frantic lover sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

Mark Pattison thinks that Cromwell, the superman of that age—one who failed, says Lord Morley, where force failed—had only contempt for a bookish theorist like Milton. But both were geniuses. Heroes have usually been helped by bards—David was both, Caesar was a writer, and Alexander, the pupil of Aristotle, never lay down at night without having read some pages of the Iliad. The superman of Nietzsche's dream, however, the "great blonde brute" of materialism, would certainly not have spared the house of Pindarus or crowned the tomb of Achilles. Alexander, it is true, became a ferocious megalomaniac, proclaimed himself a god, and took to the bottle, even causing Persepolis, the wonder of the world, to be burned, in a fit of intoxication.

Christianity knows of but one true Superman, who was stoned because He made himself equal with God, but was meek and lowly of heart. Dr. Türck has a

chapter on "Christ and Buddha". It will be gathered that his beliefs are not those of the Christian Church, and he even speaks of the Son of Man as tempted to suicide. But on the whole he is on the side of the angels. His especial polemic is against the particular doctrine of freedom upheld by writers like Stirner, Nietzsche, and Ibsen, to whom all restraint of human impulse by social bonds is a tyranny. Even devotion to truth, or to any ideal whatsoever, is denounced by Stirner as self-enslavement; while Ibsen is not sure that a free, autonomous man ought to be compelled to admit that two and two must always make four.

#### AFTER THERMIDOR.

"Recueil des Actes du Comité de Salut Public." Tome xxiii. Edited by F. A. Aulard. Libraire Ernest Leroux: Paris.

"Recueil des Actes du Directoire Exécutif." Tome iii. Edited by A. Debidour. Libraire Ernest Leroux: Paris.

IN these two large volumes of historical manuscripts and national records—themselves but fragments of monumental work—we see the temptations which for years past have beset two schools of historians. The one volume, covering the month of May in the year 1795, invites us simply to materialistic study; whilst the other, dealing with part of the summer and autumn of 1796, is pure drama. In the first we are concerned with the state of a people; in the second with the appearance of a hero.

With the gradual publication of so much original matter relating to the Revolutionary period, we are given the chance to judge historical problems for ourselves. Our view need no longer be obscured by any of those ingenious and talented writers who have made us see men and nations through their own coloured spectacles. The menace and the glory of Napoleon, even the shadow of the guillotine, are too near us to allow impartial approach. We are advocates with ease, judges with difficulty, and these papers are, therefore, of high value in leading us to calmer ways of thought. The first of these volumes treats with a time of transition. Almost a year had passed since the fall of Robespierre. The Jacobin Club, whose influence had so long flouted Rousseau's doctrine on the rule of partial associations, had been closed; and the French, weary of being the Ishmaels of Europe, were anxious to be received again into the society of nations. Sansculotterie was no longer the fashion when the muscadins and incroyables of Tallien and Barras had destroyed the busts of Marat. In the Paris of 1795 it was the height of honour to have been imprisoned and to be ruined, and it was "difficult not to regret that one had never been guillotined". Much more than reaction and horror of blood is to be found here. Even before the first flame of pure republican zeal had died there were those who had "sought to make their patrimony out of the revolution". Sometimes by villainous fraud, more often in the ordinary way of business, these men had accomplished their design, and it is a peculiar irony that the Revolution created an immense conserving class. Belief in the sacred rights of property came as the result of the sale of the "national lands" acquired from the Church and the emigrating nobles. Old miser Grandet in Balzac's novel stands as a true type of the new order which had come into being.

Such hopes as the proletariat had had of benefits from the fall of the old estates passed with Danton into nothingness. When the sabots of his followers no longer clattered omnipotent to the Cordeliers there was no more chance for the crowd which had broken down the Bastille and killed the Swiss. Solemn formalities at the Jacobin Club had prepared the way for any oligarch or despot who could promise peace at home. The vital question of food is never absent from the



Committee of Public Safety in its last days. Paris must have food from the provinces, and the provincials, as is their way, say that they can ill spare it. The maintenance of pauper Paris cost twenty-five times as much as the maintenance of the Bourbon court. Then, too, there are pitiful tales from the armies. The soldiers have no shoes, no clothes, no provisions, "nothing but their heroism". All the time we know that there is plenty of money in certain newly lined pockets, but the melancholy series of despatches does not end. Chouans, Companies of Jesus and the Sun, Jacobins, all give trouble from time to time. The first of Prairial keeps the Committee particularly busy at sounding the tocsin; but if its members seem to lose their heads in a multiplicity of orders, they keep them in a more literal sense, thanks to the battalions of the Contrat Social and of Brutus. Afterwards, we have to read the letters of congratulation and advice from the provinces, and the advice is remarkably direct: "Destroy the serpent of sedition . . . let us end our Revolution in the bosom of happy peace".

Good republicans of the new order were evidently anxious to begin by a truce with Spain, but there was an awkward hitch. There were Bourbons at Madrid and a little Bourbon in the Temple Prison, and the French nation, with every expression of respect for proper family feeling, could not free their hostage. Barras, moreover, had young Capet in his particular care for reasons best known to himself and to his friend, the widow Beauharnais. Despatches pass between Paris and the Pyrenees, and between their lines we read the history of a crime. It is not fit to discuss here whether Louis XVII. died in his prison or whether the line of the martyr monarch is still continued by a respectable gentleman of Dutch birth and breeding. That point has already been settled in two impartial courts of law, and it is enough to say here that the little Capet was removed from the sphere of practical politics in order that the Spanish peace should be made.

Thus was the first sacrifice made for the material prosperity of the nation. Hitherto crimes had been perpetrated in the name of Liberty, but now we are come to the no less bloodthirsty rule of Mammon. In the few months between the periods covered by these volumes France discovered the genius of Bonaparte. We leave France longing for the prosperity of peace and find her being taught that war may be a paying speculation. The letters from the five Directors to their general in Italy are very interesting. Several contain a request for money. "We have written to General Bonaparte to send General Kellermann a hundred thousand écus", and again they appeal for 300,000 livres for the Army of the Alps, "which is in the extremest penury". Levies of the old republican leaders still have nothing but their heroism, but the new leader has a mission of his own, and the wants of the old patriots do not interest him greatly. The Directors ask him to carry on his operations in conjunction with those of Moreau and the Army of Rhine-et-Moselle, but he much prefers to act alone. On the morrow of the victory at Bassano he begins to move his forces farther and farther away from those others which need his support so badly, yet which might, if assisted, share his glory. Official Paris pleads, but dares not reproach; Carnot, "organiser of victories", slips a private note into the letter-bag to salute "immortal Bonaparte". Kleber, in charge of the undisciplined horde called the Army of Sambre-et-Meuse, is invited to turn his eyes to Italy; warned to be vigorous. Liberty and equality are to be banished from the camp. Kleber is invited to take a leaf out of a book which is simply the first volume of the history of the Empire.

Had the Law of Suspects, as framed by Merlin de Douai, still been in force, Bonaparte would certainly have been put under arrest. The police busied themselves in collecting gossip, and found it commonly said that the young general worked for himself and not for the Republic, and that he was about to retire to Corsica, where the English would make him king. Rumour added that Barras was in this plot with him, and that Josephine, wife to one, *amie intime* to the

other, was the go-between in this pretty business. French patriotism also detected something sinister in the designs for establishing an Italian republic—a united nation likely to disquiet France with its power. In the light of our knowledge these things are interesting. How rightly they suspected Bonaparte, and yet how ludicrously they underrated him! Simple-minded creatures who had seen no head raised above them greater than that of Danton, but with their nerves on edge because they had seen so many plots explode and anarchies and tyrannies follow one another in bewildering confusion, they were on their guard, yet they knew not against what. King of Corsica, forsooth! It was not given to the frogs of the marsh to foresee the soaring flight of the eagle.

Good reason there is to think that at this time Josephine and Barras may have had in their heads a scheme not unconnected with the mysterious figure of the before-mentioned little Capet—a scheme to which she, perhaps, returned in her hour of sorest need; but to Bonaparte it could only have seemed prattle. Writing to the Directors after the victory of Castiglione, he said: "I do not know what the gentlemen of the Press want of me. They and the Austrians have attacked me at the same time. By the publication of your letter [containing an expression of confidence] you have crushed them. I have completely beaten the Austrians; so, up to the present the doubled attempts of our enemies are not fortunate." There we have the whole story. Men writing and talking whilst a man was hacking his way to Empire and St. Helena.

#### ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

"The Religions of Antiquity." By C. V. Scott. Smith, Elder. 2s. net.

THE cause of comparative religion could hardly be entrusted to an abler pen than that of this versatile writer. He is far too modest when he claims that the purpose of his book is merely to unite, within a small compass, statements by weighty authorities. For the wide range of reading, evidenced by his copious quotations from all kinds of sources, is utilised for his argument with a scholarly tact and discrimination that is all his own. So, too, are the many delightfully fresh and original points of view presented. The book falls into two divisions. In the first he passes under a succinct and lucid review the evolution of the religious idea from Fetishism and Pantheism, through Anthropomorphism and Dualism, up to Monotheism and Theism, showing how Christian theology alone, with its special revelation of the Trinity, Incarnation and Atonement, can reject the heresies in each system and harmonise the truths. By this thorough sifting of the principles that underlie the building up of all religions he is able to throw new light on many points hitherto obscure. In dealing with Anthropomorphism he can account for the mysterious place assigned to Moira and other under-world deities of the Greek Pantheon by the theory that these were relics of an older Pantheism—or nature worship—which lingered on with the worship of Zeus and the newer generation of anthropomorphic gods. He can relate the amazing cult of Emperor-worship in the Roman Empire to a form of Theism which could regard "Roma æterna" and her autocratic sovereigns as "manifestations . . . of a Divine Providence" which reigned over her vast dominions, and so can reconcile the toleration of this apparently blasphemous worship by religious and noble-minded men like the Antonines, to whom it would mean little more than the Divine Right of Kings. The aim of the second part of the book is to show from history how the elaboration of clerical order is not, as Comte suggests, a sign of "decline", but is associated with real progress. Though here his arguments are not always so convincing, his tracing of the influence of Delphic and the Orphic and Pythagorean brotherhoods, in Greece, on the golden age of Pericles is admirable.

## LATEST BOOKS.

"Modern Europe." By J. E. Morris. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

This short study of modern Europe—a rapid history of war and policy from the sixteenth century to the present day—is striking evidence of the change which has come over the teaching and reading of history. Nearly every chapter of this book leads up to an understanding of contemporary European politics. We nowhere find the old assumption that history came to an end with Waterloo. Dr. Morris links up the past with the present. His history is good politics, with the perspective and equity which time alone can give to politics of the hour. This book bears very particularly upon our problems to-day, for it gives to war a front place in the tale—war's importance for the historian being, Dr. Morris pleads, its influence in bringing out the best and worst in a nation, devotion or greed, according as the cause is just or unjust. Dr. Morris ends his preface with a warning, written in May of this year, which is at this time written afresh upon the fields and villages of Belgium: "The fighting machine may be made too strong, and then the instrument of honourable defence may become the instrument of wanton aggression, for the simple reason that the sovereign or nation possessing it wishes to use it." Then he who takes the sword may perish with the sword.

"The Foundation of Strategy." By Captain H. M. Johnstone. George Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.

It is difficult at this time to avoid the knowledge that is contained in this book. For here are the elementary principles of strategy; and in an elementary way we are all strategists to-day. Those who have yet to learn the meaning of "full strength", who are still not precisely aware of the exact nature of a "base", who desire to be assured as to the significance of a "deployment", will find in this book the necessary guide. It is admirably simple in its explanations, and it draws for illumination upon many of the great campaigns of history. This small book will enable any reader of average intelligence to follow the expert military correspondence in the modern newspaper. It keeps strictly within the limits of its title and hardly a sentence is wasted. Every word is to the point. The book is issued with numbered maps illustrating principles established in the text. Naturally, at this moment, the most interesting passages are those relating to the French and German schools of strategy. Too well we have learned this week what precisely the German school understands by the term "deployment." Captain Johnstone, of course, predicts that the German and French would meet in Belgium. Every expert has foreseen this for years past. Mr. Belloc was fortunate enough to have put this prediction into literary form and to have especially mentioned Liège. Thus reputations are made. Namur was not so easily predicted; otherwise history might have taken a different turn.

"Socialism Exposed." Anti-Socialist Union. 1s. 6d. net.

This is a series of reasoned arguments against Socialism, prepared in the offices of the Anti-Socialist Union. For the speaker the material is invaluable, as the arguments for and against are clearly set out, and controverted where necessary. Valuable also is the exposure of the slim tactics of Socialists in their exploitation of inert sentimentalism. They will take a lift in any cart as far as the parting of the ways. But Socialism will neither be made nor controverted by speeches. The Socialist propaganda rises on the leaven of discontent, and something more than talking is necessary to end this. The greatest growth of socialistic feeling has come since the gulf between rich and poor has widened, and the only real way to combat it is by the personal contact of social service, especially among the young. The politician's work is a comprehensive measure of social reform with as little officialism as possible and a greater dependence on organised voluntary effort.

The *Fortnightly Review*. Nine of the fourteen articles in the "Fortnightly Review" for September are pertinent to the diplomacy and conduct of the European war. Mr. Sidney Whitman writes of his personal impressions of the German spirit, which include an extremely interesting account of a conversation with Professor Delbrück; and a severe but tempered estimate of the personal share of the Kaiser in bringing Europe to this present pass. "Auditor Tantom" writes of the effect of the war upon our politics at home. Our preparations for war are discussed and described by Mr. Archibald Hurd, and Mr. Charles Dawbarn sketches the policy and character of M. Delcassé. The protested regard of Germany for the inviolate soil of Belgium before war was declared is exposed by Mr. D. C. Boulger in a study of Germany's designs upon the Congo. Certainly we were wise not to trust even those assurances which were contained in the "infamous proposal". Naturally, literature suffers from this incursion of war articles. Mr. George Moore and some reminiscences of Tolstoy here stand almost unsupported. This is a war number and it must greatly appeal to all readers at this present time.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Memories of the Kaiser's Court (Anne Topham). Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.  
The Secret of an Empress (the Countess Zanardi Landi). Cassell. 16s. net.

## FICTION.

Lady Varley (Derek Vane). Stanley Paul. 6s.  
Thistles (Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken). Stanley Paul. 6s.  
The Wall of Partition (Florence L. Barclay). Putnam. 6s.

## HISTORY.

Reconstruction in North Carolina (J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton). New York: Columbia University; London: King. 16s.  
The Financial History of New York State from 1789 to 1912 (Don C. Sowers). New York: Columbia University; London: King. 10s.

## LAW.

International Law Topics and Discussions, 1913. Washington: Naval War College.

## MAPS.

Stanford's War Maps.—No. 4. The Franco-German Frontier and Western Germany, 5s. net; No. 5, The North Sea and the Baltic, 2s. 6d. net; No. 6, The Seat of War in Belgium, 5s. net. Stanford.

## REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Indian Stories of F. W. Bain:—A Digit of the Moon; A Heifer of the Dawn; The Descent of the Sun; A Draught of the Blue; In the Gerat God's Hair. The Medici Society. £6 net per set of 10 Volumes.  
Germany and the Next War (General Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles). Arnold. 2s. net.

## SCIENCE.

Nature and Nurture in Mental Development (F. W. Mott). Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Regeneration of New China, The (Nelson Bittan). United Council for Missionary Education. 2s. net.  
Full Details of German Trade. "The Export World." 1s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST:—The North American Review, 1s. net; *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 3 fr.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER:—The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s. net; The Antiquary, 6d. net.

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THE PRACTICAL UTILITY OF THE BOY SCOUTS DURING THE WAR. By **Captain W. Cecil Price**.

THE DOMINIONS AND THE WAR. By **E. B. Osborn**.  
London: Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., 5 New Street Square.

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It Had to Be. By **Sidney Whitman**.

The Political Transformation. By **Auditor Tantum**.

How England Prepared for War: Pages of History, Secret and Otherwise. By **Archibald Hurd**.

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German Designs on the Congo. By **Demetrius C. Boulger**.

Reminiscences of Tolstoy. IV. By **Count Ilya Tolstoy**.

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Imperial Germany, by Prince B. von Bulow	Feb. 14th, 1914	9d.
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